BUCKY and TORO
in

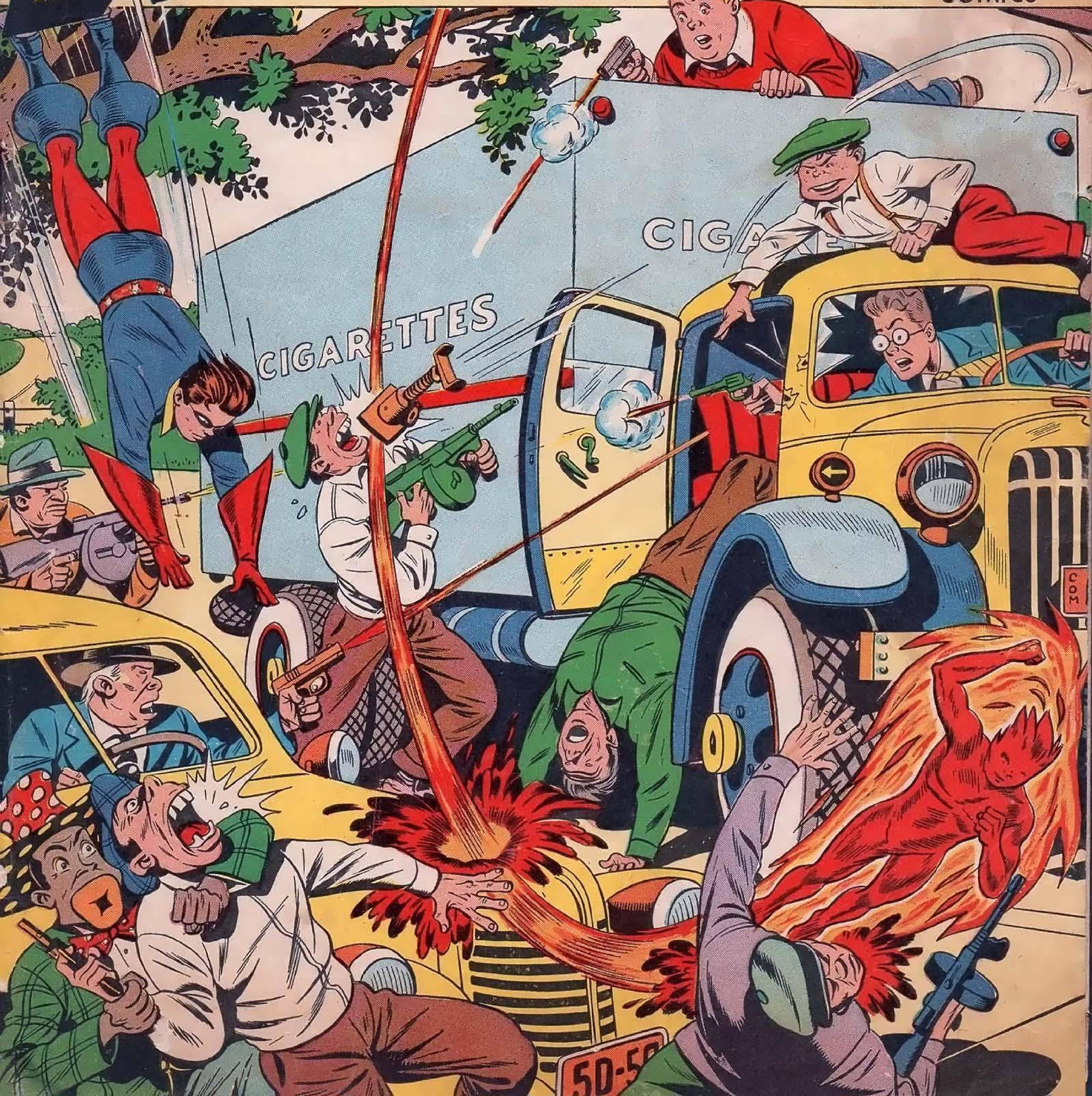
YOUNG ALLIES

NO. 17

10¢

FALL ISSUE

COMICS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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.1237, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

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Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

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POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

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Candid type. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.

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The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

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Name ....

Address ....

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State.................... Gift Wanted....................

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The YOUNG ALLIES
IN THE PHANTOMS of AMAJO SUKI!
CHAPTER I
WHEN SHEER HORROR GRIPS A DEFENSELESS ISLAND, THE YOUNG ALLIES PLUNGE INTO THEIR MOST DARING EXPLOIT IN AN ATTEMPT TO CRUSH-- THE STAMPEDE OF THE GHASTLY GHOULS!

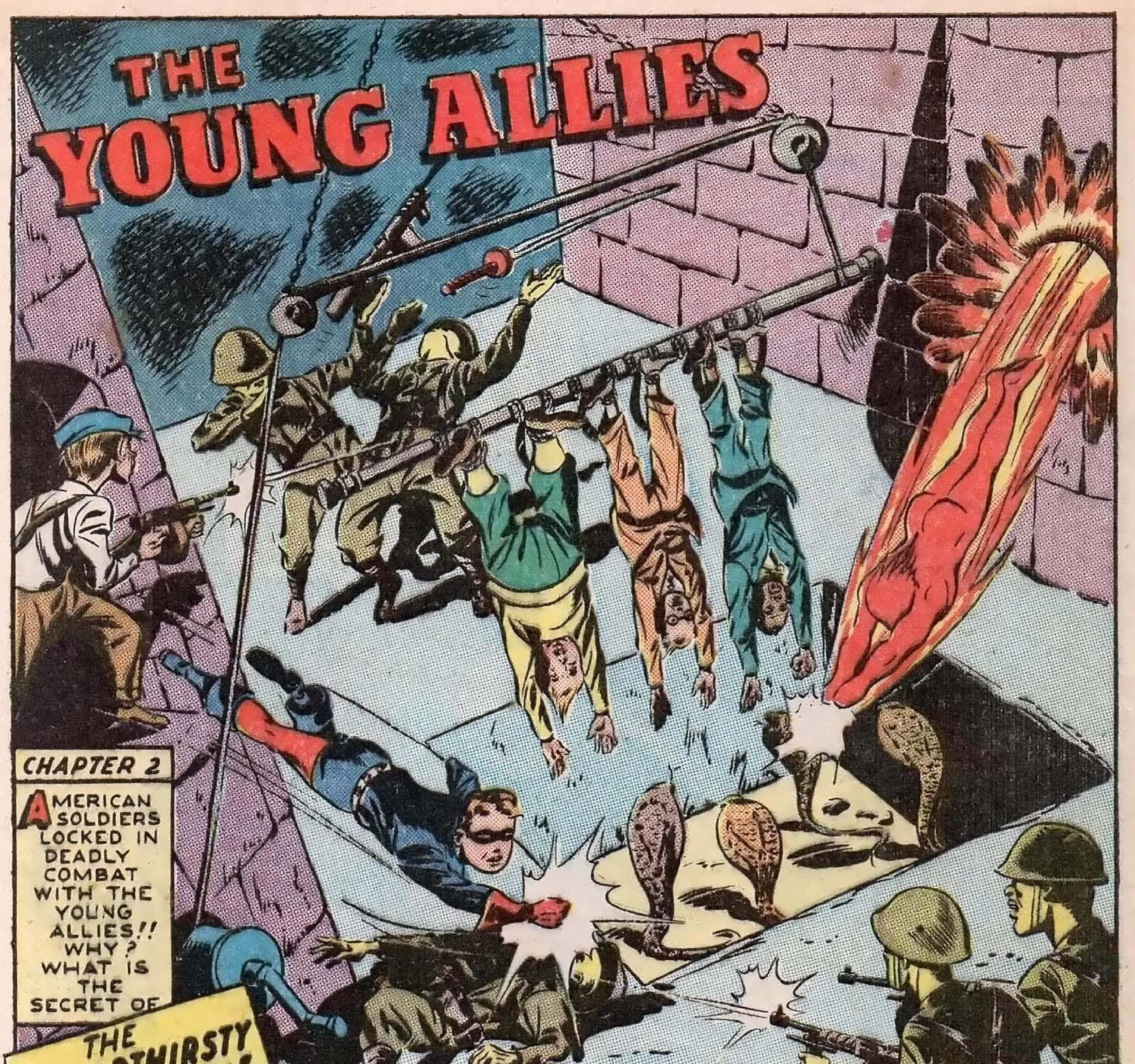
BECAUSE OF OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO THE WAR EFFORT, THE *YOUNG ALLIES* HAVE BEEN INVITED TO TOUR THE PACIFIC ISLANDS ----
AMAJO SUKI?
YES, BOYS, OUR LAND FORCES ARE COMING NEARER AND NEARER TO THE JAP MAIN CAMP --- AS YOU NOTICE, THESE ISLANDS ARE VERY SMALL! YAKI SUKI, AMAJO SUKI ---
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JEFF?
WHY, AMAJO SUKI IS THE PLACE WHERE A TALL WHITE KIND OF JAPANESE USED TO LIVE!
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?
I READ IT IN A SOCIOLOGY BOOK!
GEE! THAT SOUNDS EXCITING!
YEAH -- IF IT'S TRUE ---
LET'S VISIT THE ISLAND! IT'S RIGHT NEAR HERE!
A SWELL IDEA!
YOU FELLOWS CAN GO --- BUT COUNT ME OUT! I WANT TO FINISH SEEING THIS ISLAND FIRST!

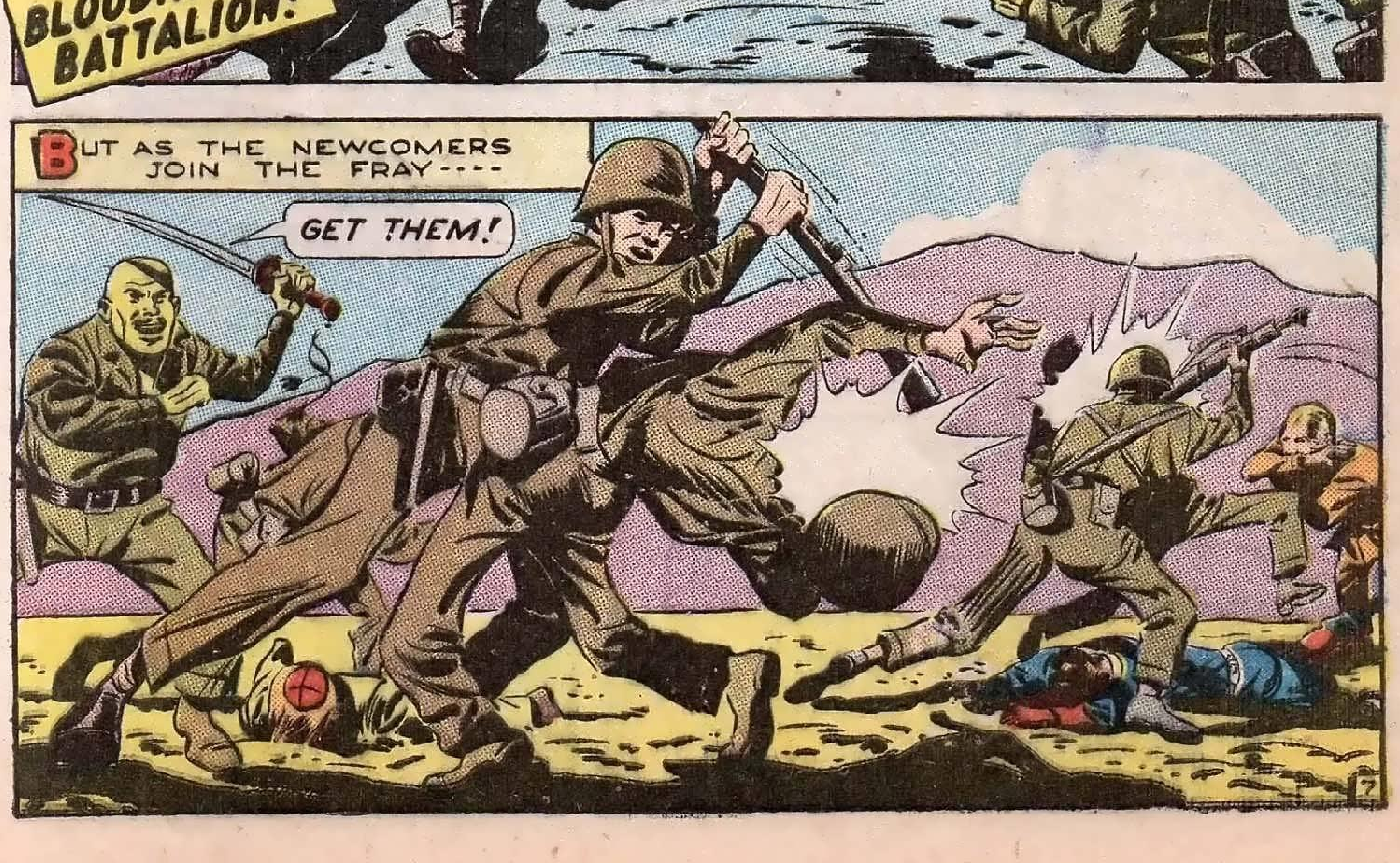
LEAVING TORO, THE OTHERS RUSH TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR ISLAND----
AMAJO SUKI IS OFF THIS SIDE! WE'LL USE A MOTOR BOAT!
HEY! L-LOOK!
GET THE BOAT READY! THEY'LL BE BACK SOON!
YES SIRE!
JAPS!
LET'S GET 'EM!
YAHOO!
WHO---?
YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED BEFORE YOU CAME ON OUR ISLAND!
THAT'S WHY I'M KNOCKING YOU OFF!

HERE'S WHERE KNUCKLES USES HIS KNUCKLES TO MAKE A JAP HEAR DA BOIDIES!
YOUNG FOOL! I'LL KILL YOU!
SUDDENLY!
STOP! OR I SHOOT!
HOLD IT, GUYS! HE'S NOT BLUFFING!
MEANWHILE, TORO HAS BECOME LONESOME FOR HIS PALS, AND HAS FLAMED UP----
THEY HEADED FOR AMAJO SUKI, SO I'LL HEAD THAT WAY TOO!

SECONDS LATER----
SMOKING FIREBALLS! THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!
SUDDENLY!
ARGHH!
IT'S TORO! THAT'S HIS CALLING CARD!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS, BUCKY?
SORRY, PAL! THE MAIL DELIVERY WAS TOO SLOW!
ARGH!
COME, GENTLEMEN--- LET US BRING THIS BELLIGERENCY TO A CONCLUSION!
NAW! LET'S KNOCK DA SQUOITS IN DA DOIT!
LOOK! AMERICAN SOLDIERS!

GUESS I'LL FLAME OFF AND LET THOSE AMERICAN SOLDIERS FINISH THE JOB!
BUT, AS TORO FLAMES OFF ---
OOWW!
HEY! I-I THOUGHT YOU W-WERE ON OUR SIDE!
I-I DON'T UNDER-STAND---- OOF!
JUST THEN---
HEY, LOOK! JAPS FIGHT-ING AMERICANS!
LET'S GIVE OUR BOYS A HAND!
AMERICANS!

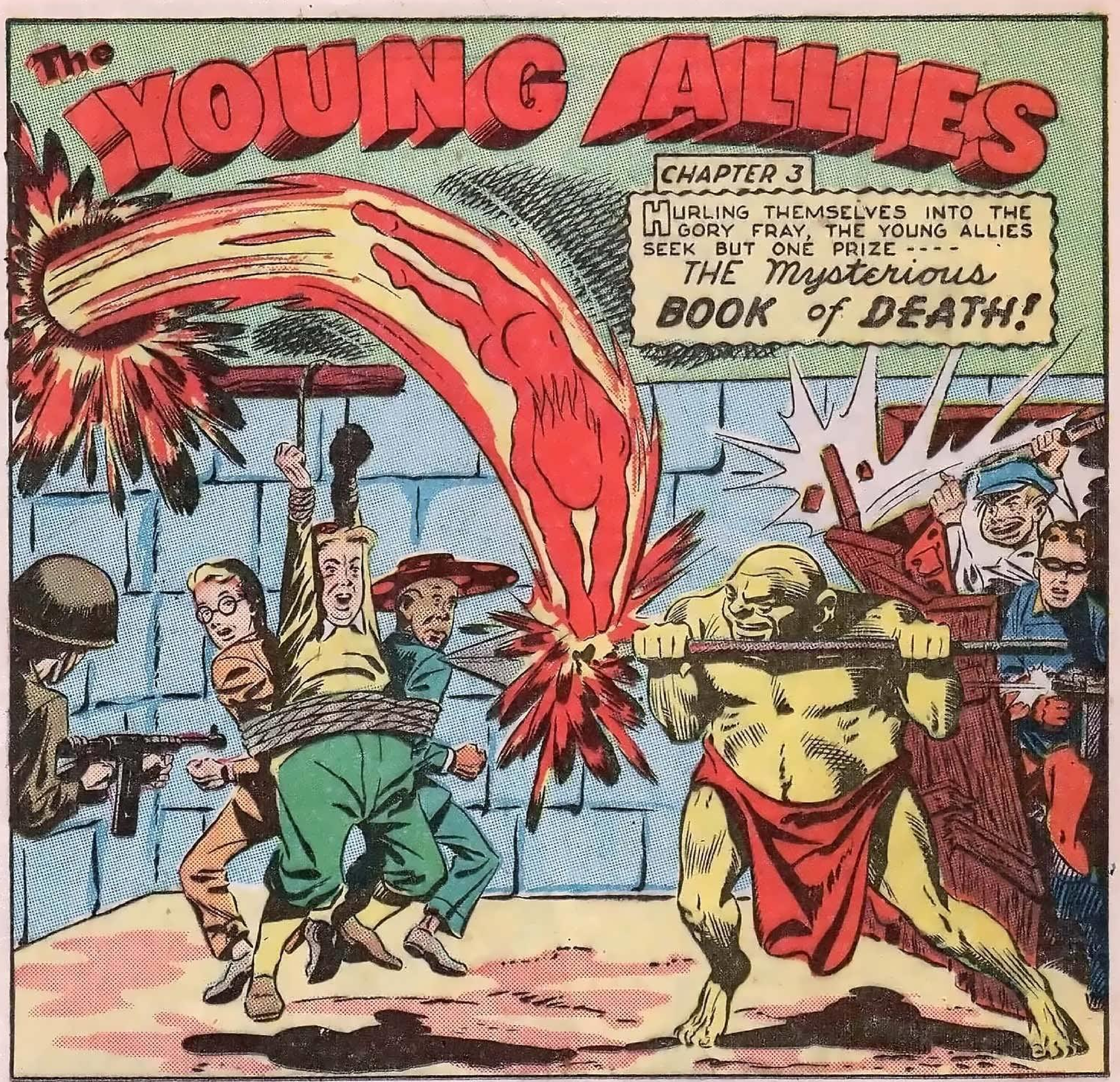

THE YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 2
AMERICAN SOLDIERS LOCKED IN DEADLY COMBAT WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES!! WHY? WHAT IS THE SECRET OF
THE BLOODTHIRSTY BATTALION!

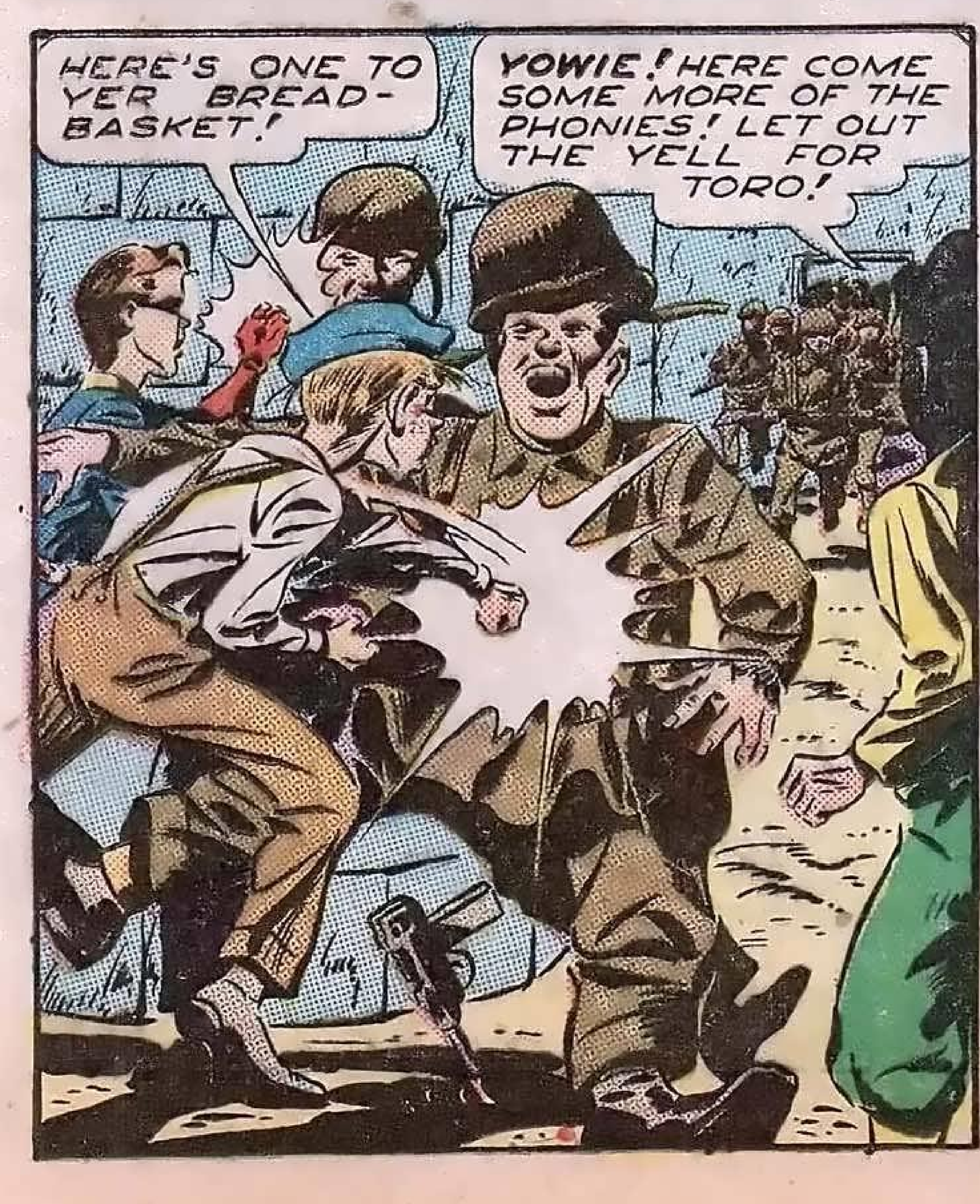

BUT AS THE NEWCOMERS JOIN THE FRAY----
GET THEM!

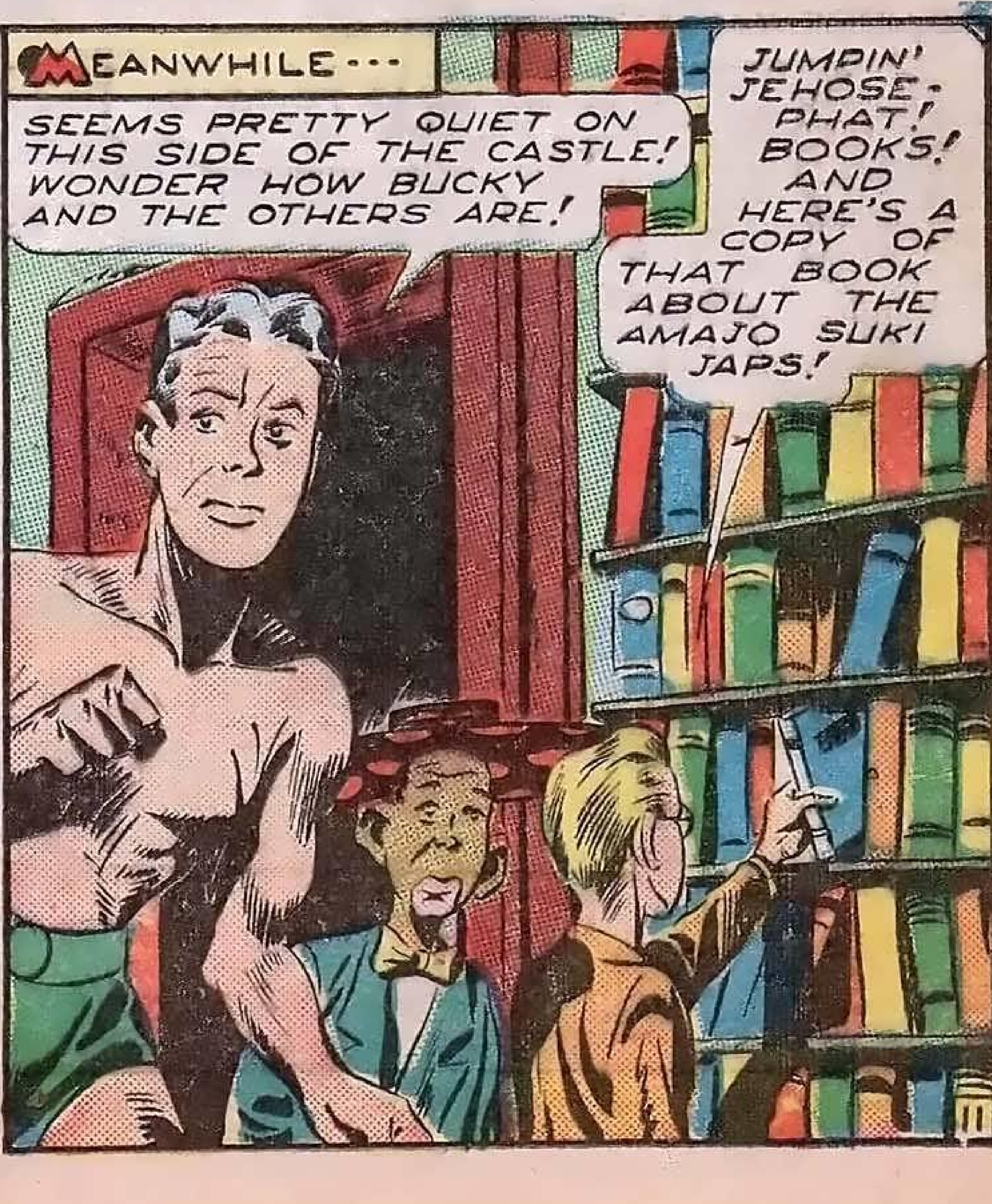
AND IN A FEW MINUTES, THE AMBUSHED AMERICANS ARE ALL KNOCKED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!
HURRY! WE MUST LEAVE THIS ISLAND!
BUT WE WILL BE BACK SOONER THAN THE AMERICANS EXPECT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER--
I DON'T GET IT! FIRST THE AMERICANS FIGHT US--- THEN THEY FIGHT EACH OTHER!
SAY!
I'LL BET ALL THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT JEFF SAID ABOUT THE ISLAND OF AMAJO SUKI!
YOU MEAN THE SOLDIERS WHO HELPED HOISSU MIGHT HAVE BEEN WHITE JAPS!
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN ON THIS ISLAND TO SPY ON OUR TROOPS!
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE DID SOME SPYIN' ON OUR OWN -- ON AMAJO SUKI!

MEANWHILE, IN AN OLD JAPANESE CASTLE ON AMAJO SUKI----
THE YOUNG ALLIES ALMOST UPSET OUR PLAN---BUT, FROM NOW ON, THERE WILL BE NO SLIP-UPS!
YOU DON'T THINK THE AMERICANS WILL SUSPECT?
NO ONE WOULD EVER SUSPECT--- IF NOT FOR YOU AND YOUR HONORABLE BOOK ABOUT THE WHITE JAPANESE ON AMAJO SUKI!
ARRRGHH!
HA! NOW NO ONE WILL BELIEVE THE YOUNG ALLIES AND THOSE AMERICAN SOLDIERS BECAUSE THERE IS NO PROOF!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE---
WHAT AN EERIE LOOKING CASTLE! IT'S THE ONLY BUILDING ON THE ISLAND!
LET'S GO IN!
WE'D BETTER SEPARATE INTO TWO GROUPS AND APPROACH THE CASTLE FROM DIFFERENT SIDES---JUST IN CASE OF TROUBLE!
A GOOD IDEA, BUCKY!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I HEAR VOICES!
I HEAR 'EM TOO!
WOW! THE WHITE JAPS!
SUDDENLY!
DID YOU FORGET ME-- HOISSU!
ULP!
WE DON'T FORGET FACES EASILY!

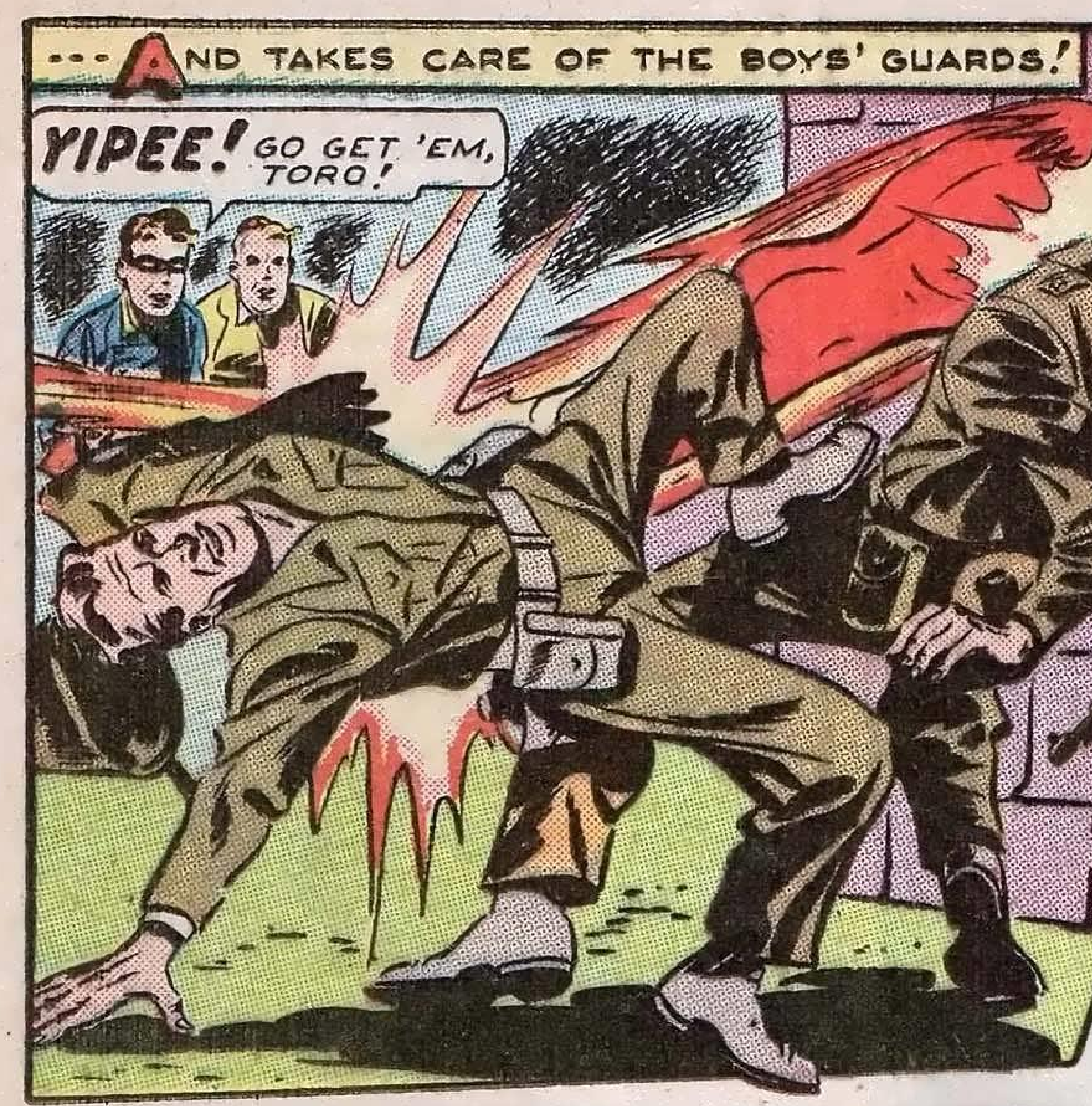

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 3
HURLING THEMSELVES INTO THE GORY FRAY, THE YOUNG ALLIES SEEK BUT ONE PRIZE ---- THE Mysterious BOOK of DEATH!

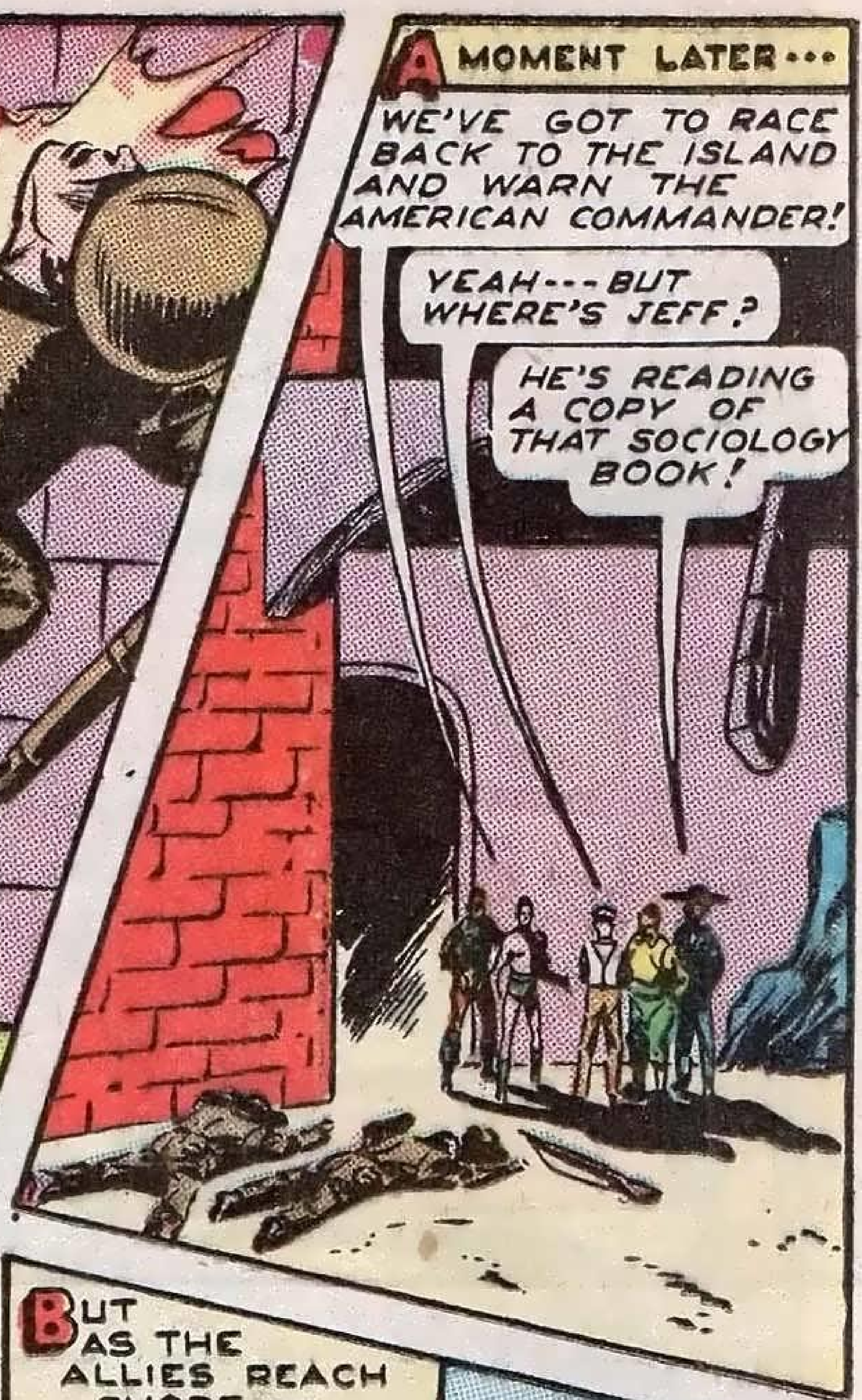

HERE'S ONE TO YER BREAD-BASKET!
YOWIE! HERE COME SOME MORE OF THE PHONIES! LET OUT THE YELL FOR TORO!

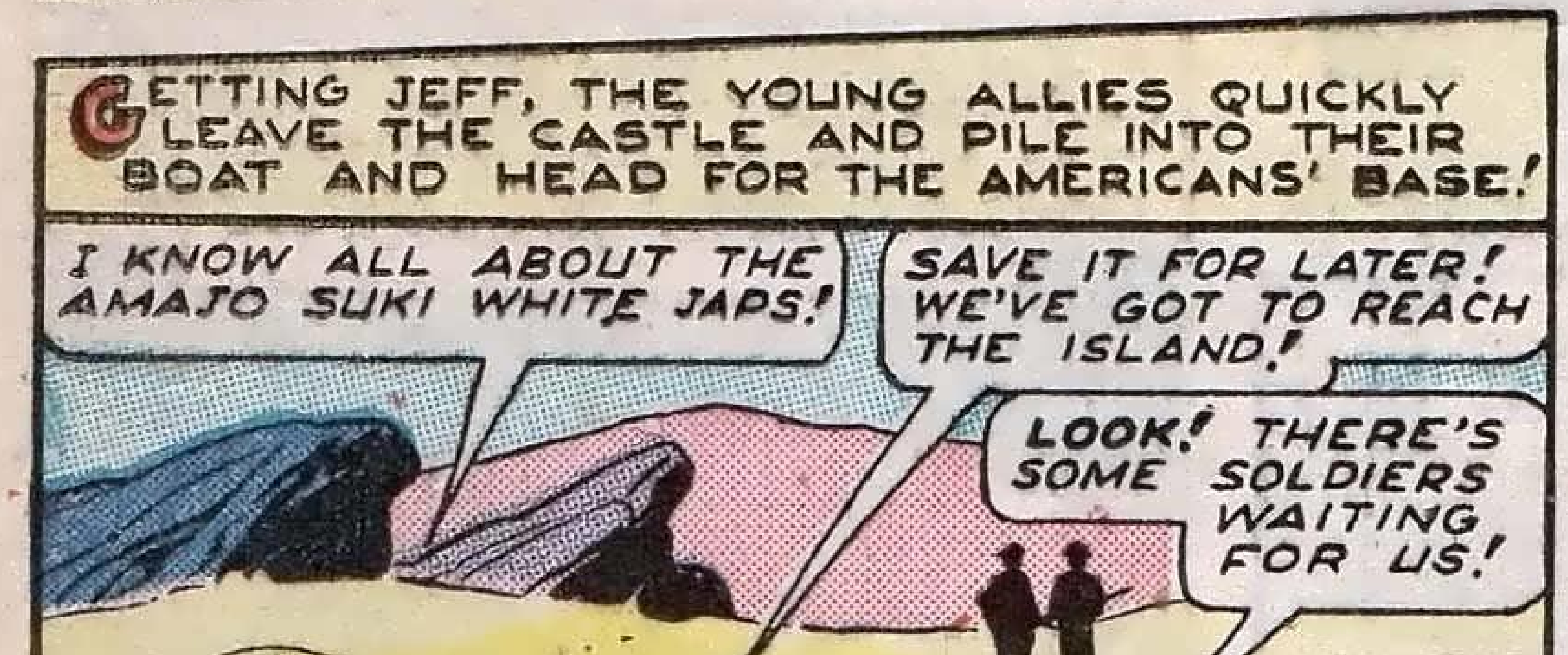

MEANWHILE ---
SEEMS PRETTY QUIET ON THIS SIDE OF THE CASTLE! WONDER HOW BUCKY AND THE OTHERS ARE!
JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! BOOKS! AND HERE'S A COPY OF THAT BOOK ABOUT THE AMAJO SUKI JAPS!

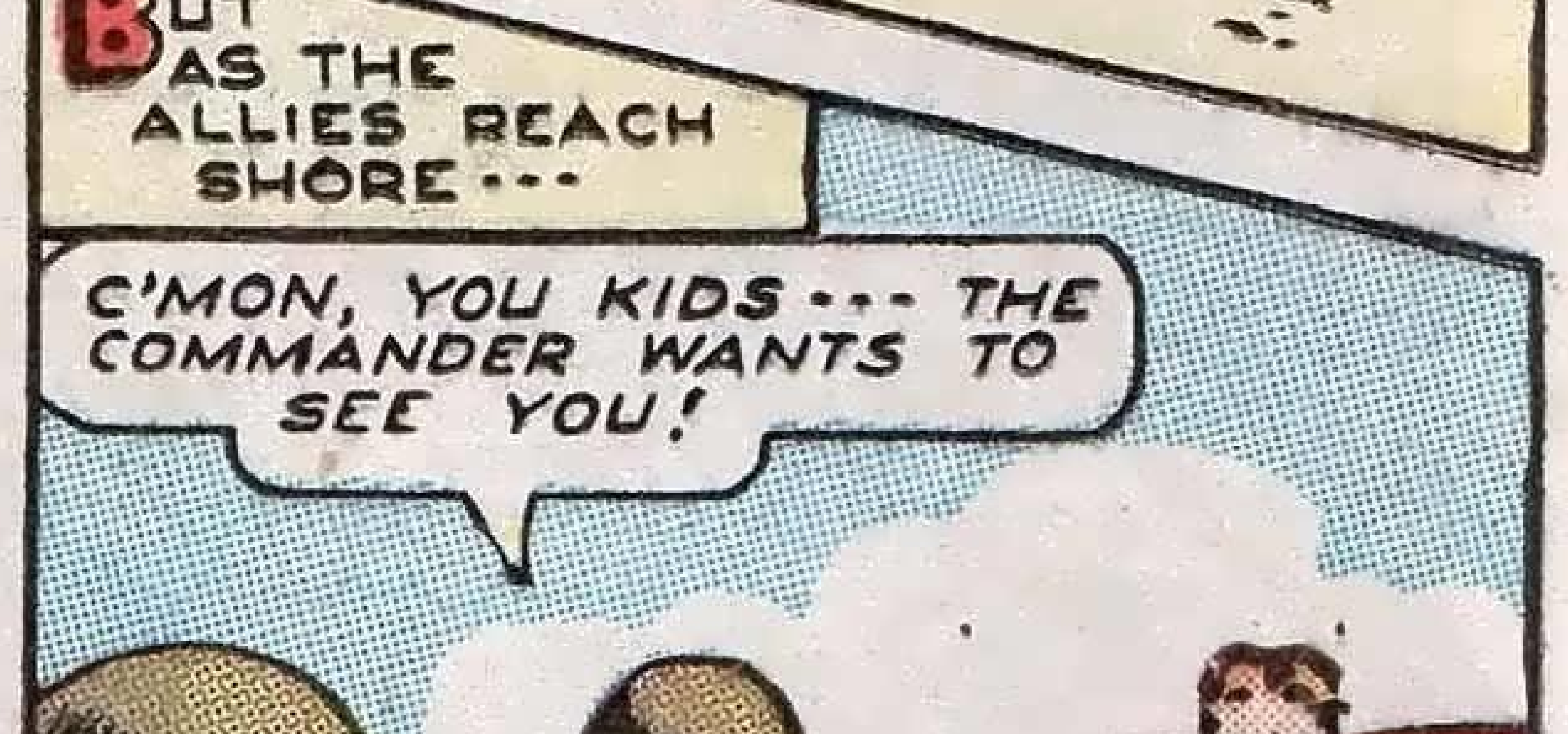
COME ON, JEFF! THIS IS NO TIME TO READ BOOKS!
AH ME! THERE'S NO MOVIN' HIM NOW!
SUDDENLY!
YAHOO! YAHOO!
IT'S THE FELLERS! THEY'RE IN TROUBLE! I'M GONNA FLAME UP!
RUN ALONG AND FIGHT, BOYS! I MUST FINISH THIS BOOK!
TORO SWIFTLY COMES TO THE AID OF HIS PALS---
YOU'LL HAVE A HOT TIME FROM NOW ON, YOU PHONEY JAPS!
SO LITTLE TORCH HAS ARRIVED! GOOD! I AM READY!
AIR PRESSU
AIR PRESSU
SUDDENLY!
HOISSU'S MACHINE IS RIPPING TORO'S FLAME OFF!
I---OH!
WHOOSH!
EXCELLENT! PUT HIM, INTO THE VACUUM CHAMBER! QUICK!
OOF!

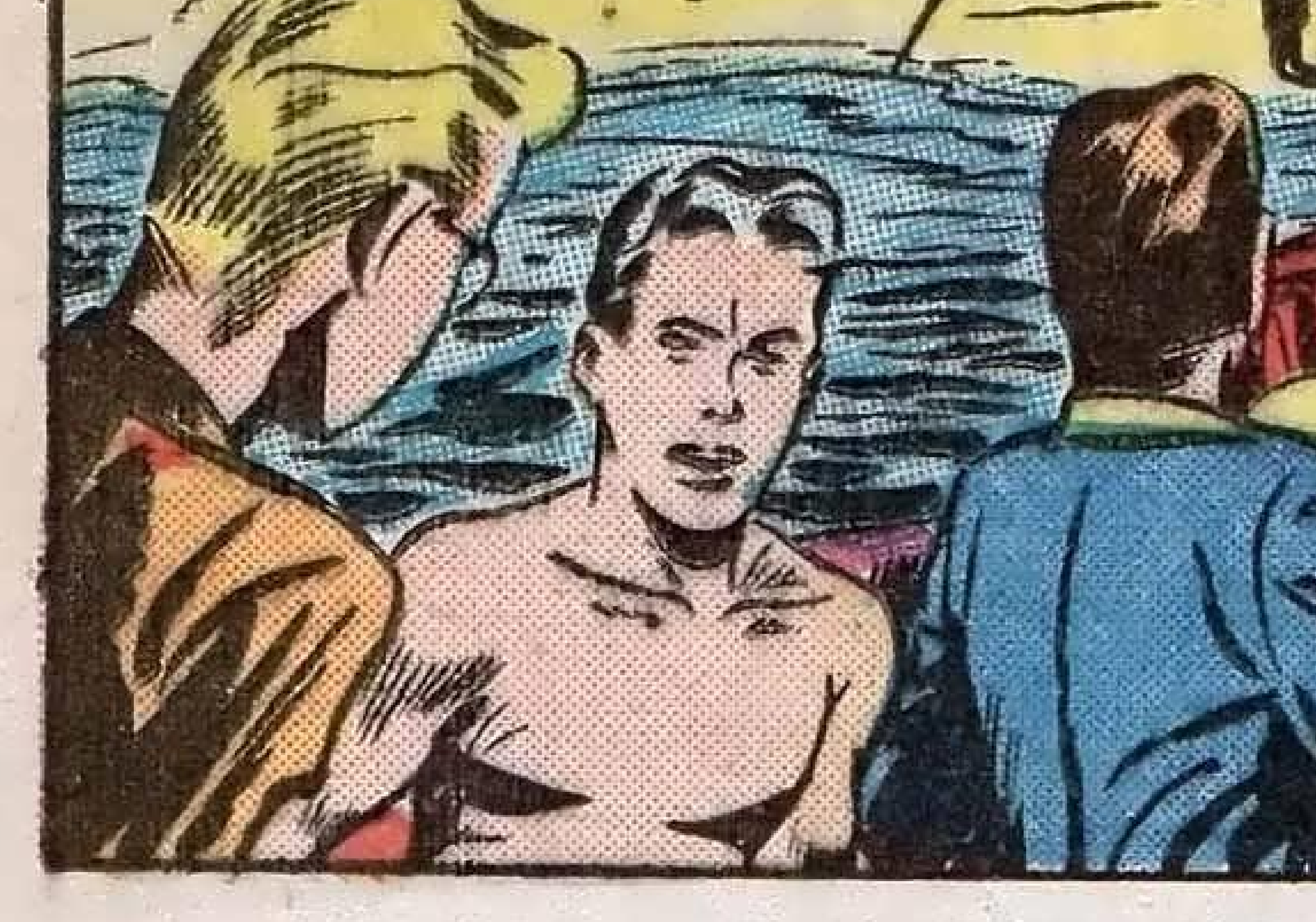
HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, THE OTHERS ARE SWIFTLY CAPTURED---
IN THAT CHAMBER, HE CAN'T FLAME UP OR EVEN BREATHE---THEN I SHALL MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU FOR I HAVE LITTLE TIME! THE AMERICAN ADVANCE HAS BEEN FASTER THAN WE ANTICIPATED! IN A FEW MINUTES HIS OXYGEN WILL BE DRAWN OUT AND HE WILL SUFFOCATE!
YES! THE AMAJO SUKI JAPANESE LOOK, ACT AND SPEAK EXACTLY LIKE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, ESPECIALLY IN CAPTURED AMERICAN UNIFORMS! THEY WILL MIX WITH TROOPS ON AMERICAN HELD ISLANDS AND DO MORE DAMAGE THAN 10,000 OF YOUR B-29'S, NO ONE WILL SUSPECT EITHER!
BUT UNKNOWN TO HOISSU, TORO IS JUST REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS!
GOSH! I BETTER BURN MY WAY OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY BEFORE THEY WITHDRAW ALL THE AIR FROM THIS GLASS CHAMBER!
I AM LEAVING NOW TO CARRY OUT THE REST OF MY PLANS! YOU WILL SHOOT THESE YOUNG ALLIES AND DISPOSE OF THEIR BODIES---
AS HOISSU LEAVES, TORO PREPARES TO FLAME---
JUST ENOUGH OXYGEN LEFT IN HERE TO ALLOW ME TO FLAME! GOTTA DO IT, QUICK!
AND IN A BURST OF FLAME, TORO BURNS HIS WAY OUT OF HIS GLASS PRISON!

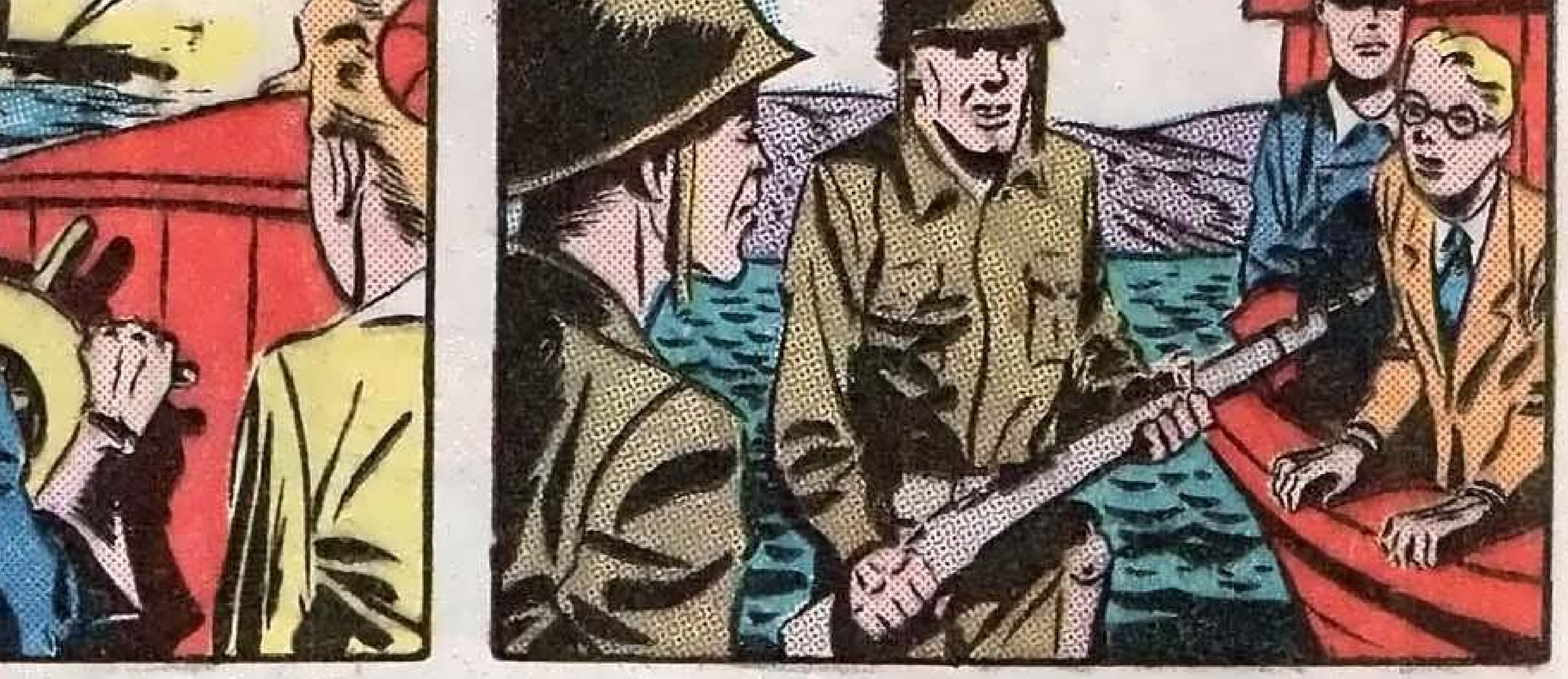

...AND TAKES CARE OF THE BOYS' GUARDS!
YIPEE! GO GET 'EM, TORO!

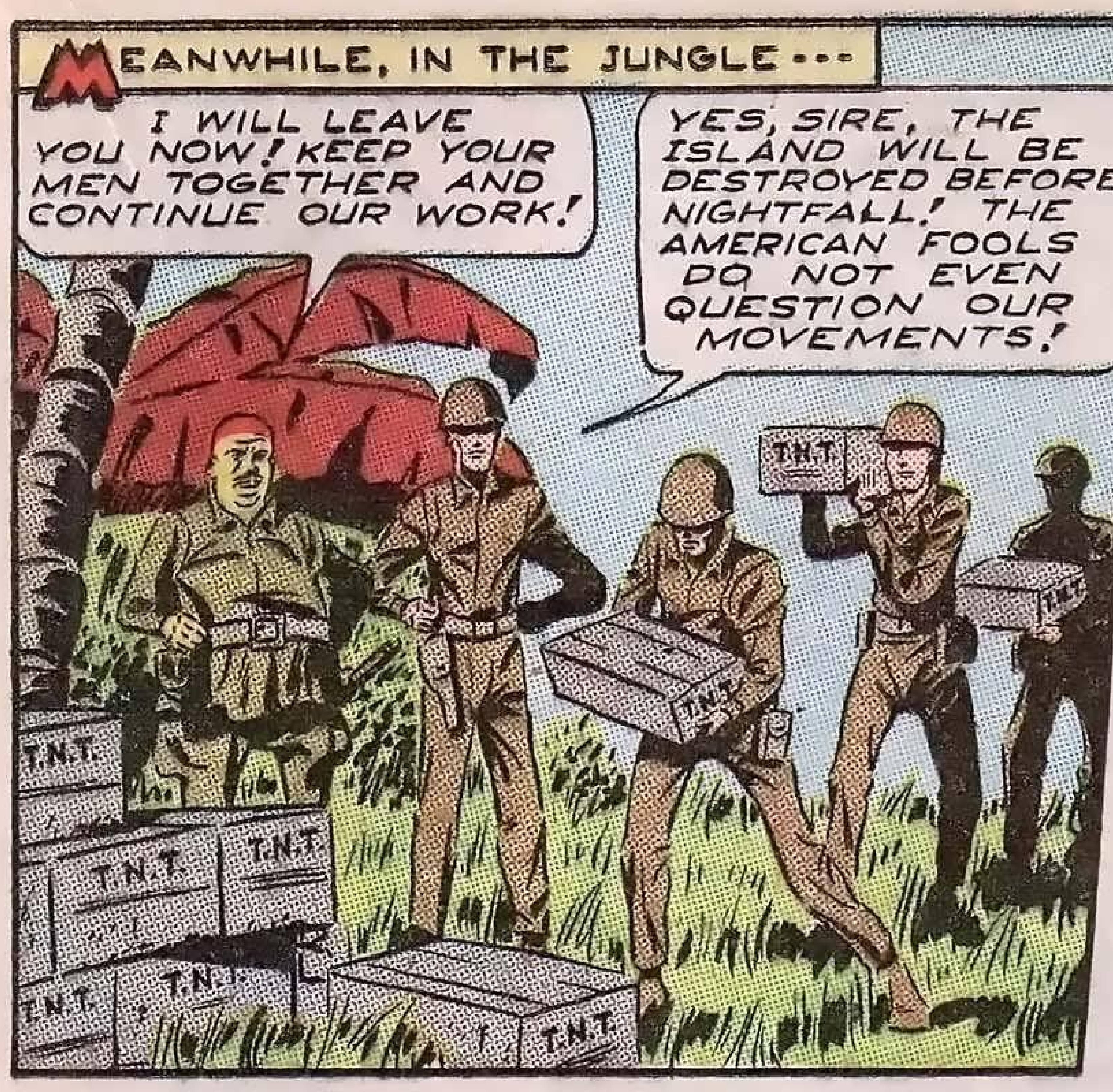

A MOMENT LATER...
WE'VE GOT TO RACE BACK TO THE ISLAND AND WARN THE AMERICAN COMMANDER!
YEAH---BUT WHERE'S JEFF?
HE'S READING A COPY OF THAT SOCIOLOGY BOOK!


GETTING JEFF, THE YOUNG ALLIES QUICKLY LEAVE THE CASTLE AND PILE INTO THEIR BOAT AND HEAD FOR THE AMERICANS' BASE!
I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE AMAJO SUKI WHITE JAPS!
SAVE IT FOR LATER! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE ISLAND!
LOOK! THERE'S SOME SOLDIERS WAITING FOR US!


BUT AS THE ALLIES REACH SHORE---
C'MON, YOU KIDS---THE COMMANDER WANTS TO SEE YOU!


SUDDENLY JEFF LASHES OUT---
YOU'RE NOT AN AMERICAN! YOU'RE A JAP!


GIVE IT TO THEM, BOYS---THEY'RE JAPS! THEY LOOK LIKE US--BUT THERE IS A HEREDITARY BIRTHMARK ON THE CHIN OF EVERYONE!
STEP ASIDE, GUYS---AND I'LL WRAP 'EM IN A BOX OF FIRE!


MEANWHILE, IN THE JUNGLE---
I WILL LEAVE YOU NOW! KEEP YOUR MEN TOGETHER AND CONTINUE OUR WORK!
YES, SIRE, THE ISLAND WILL BE DESTROYED BEFORE NIGHTFALL! THE AMERICAN FOOLS DO NOT EVEN QUESTION OUR MOVEMENTS!
T.N.T.
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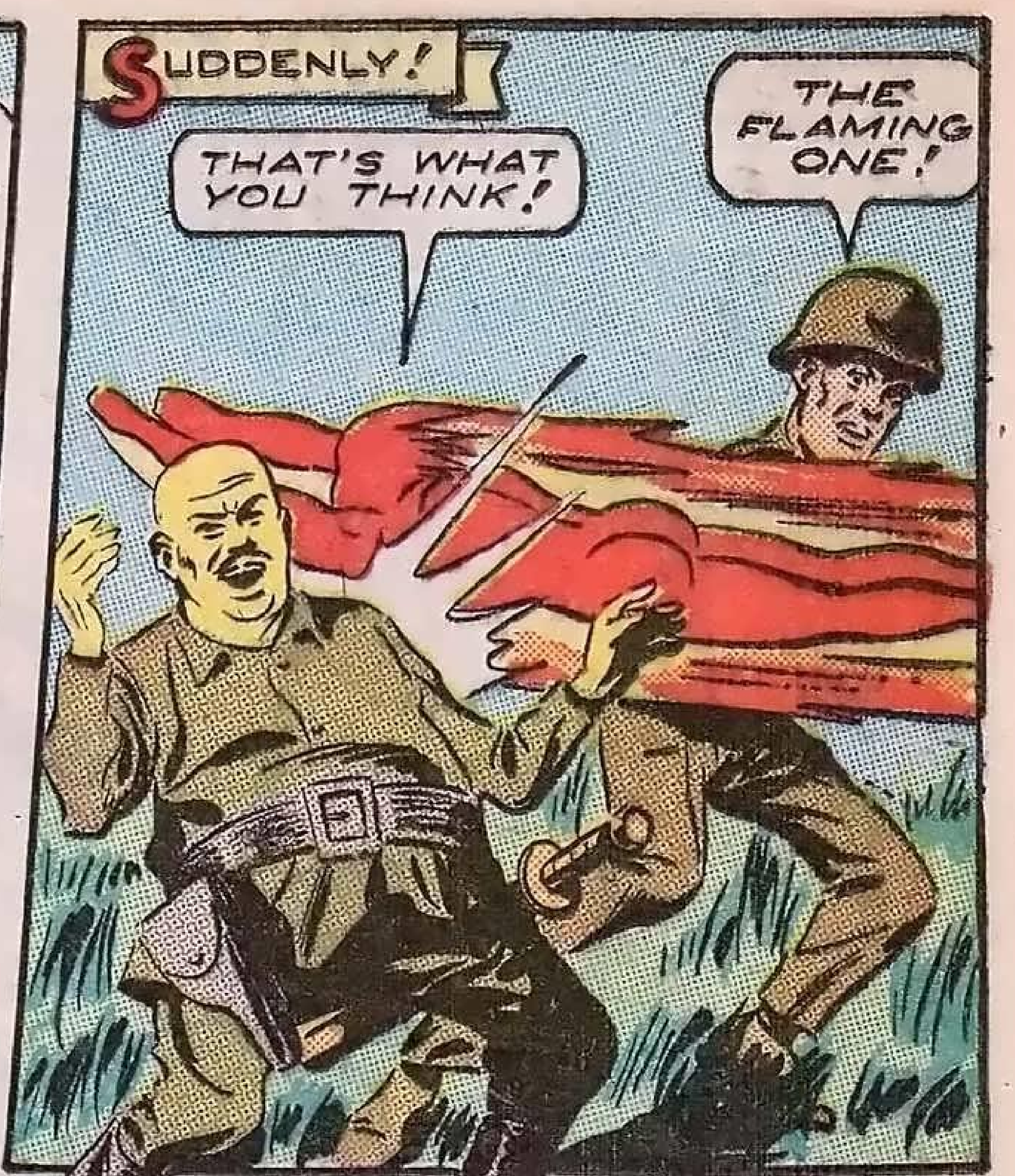
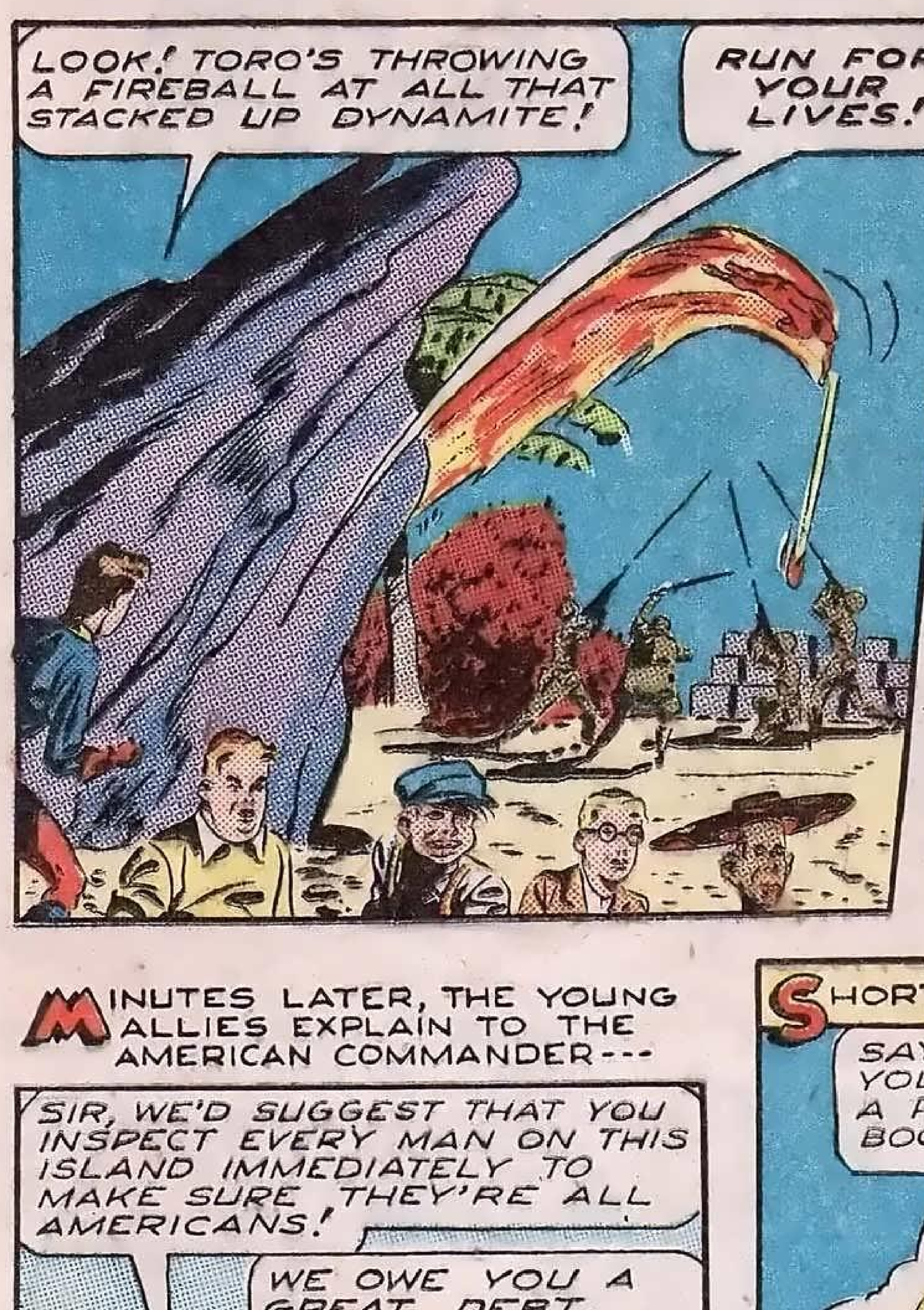
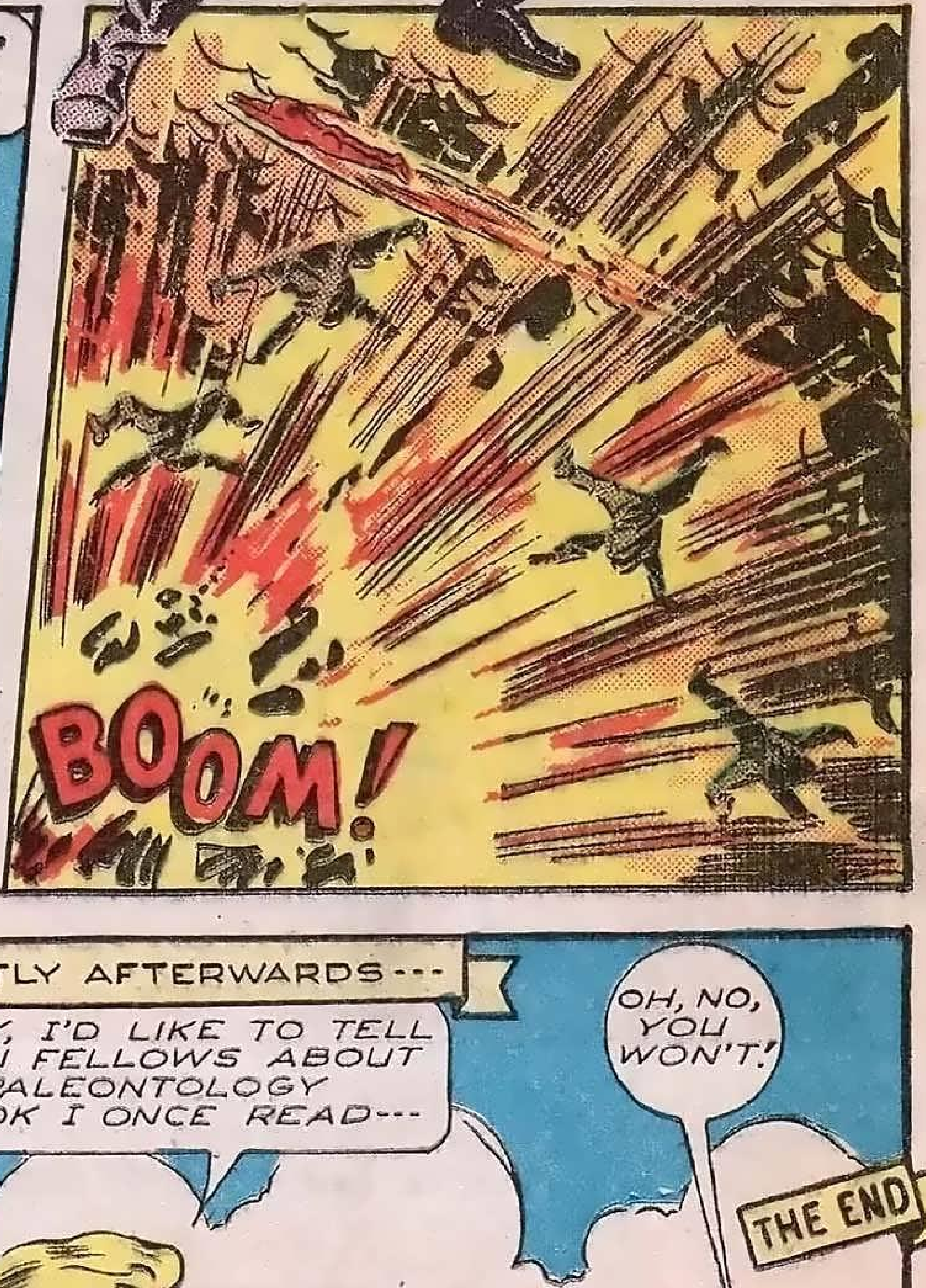
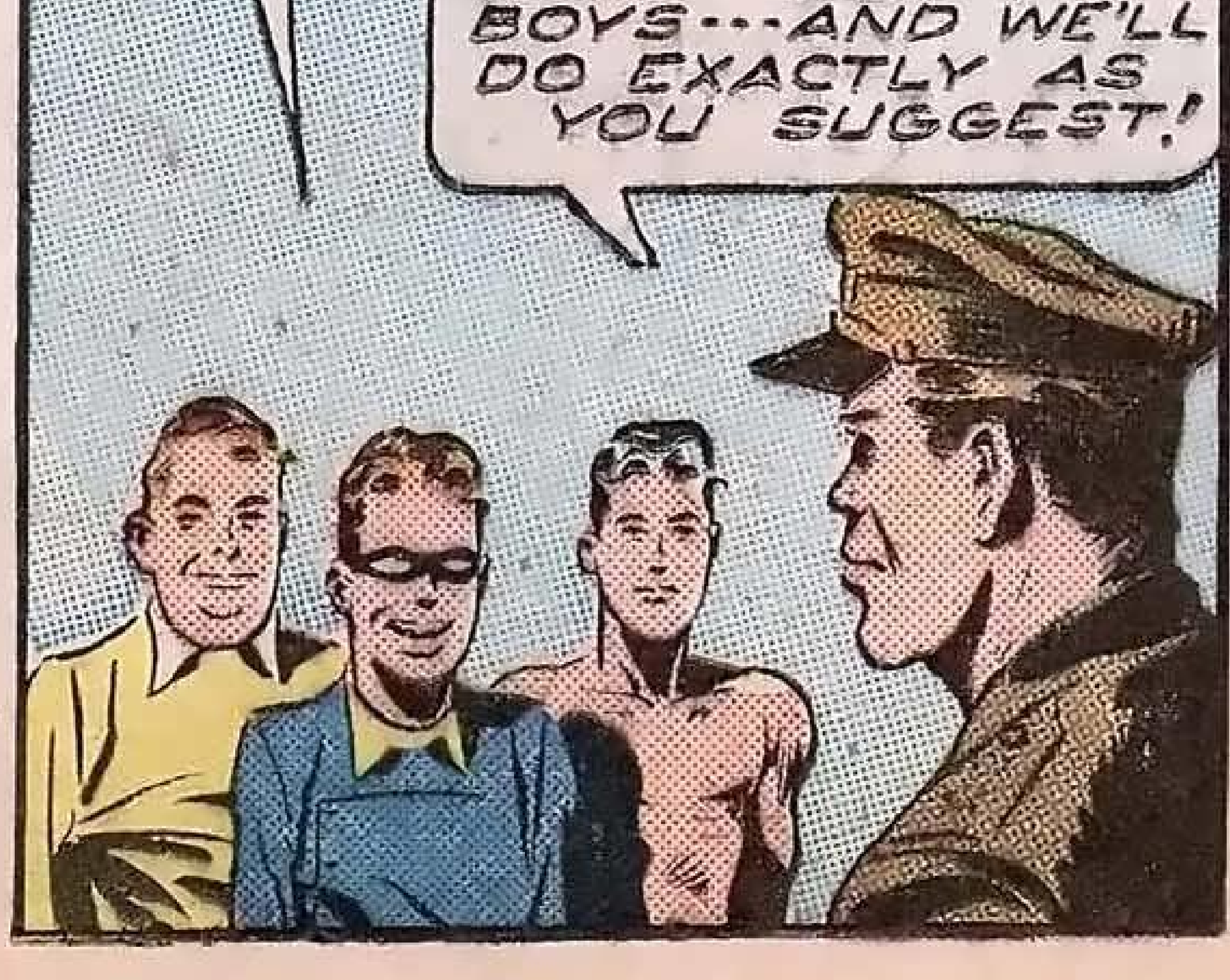
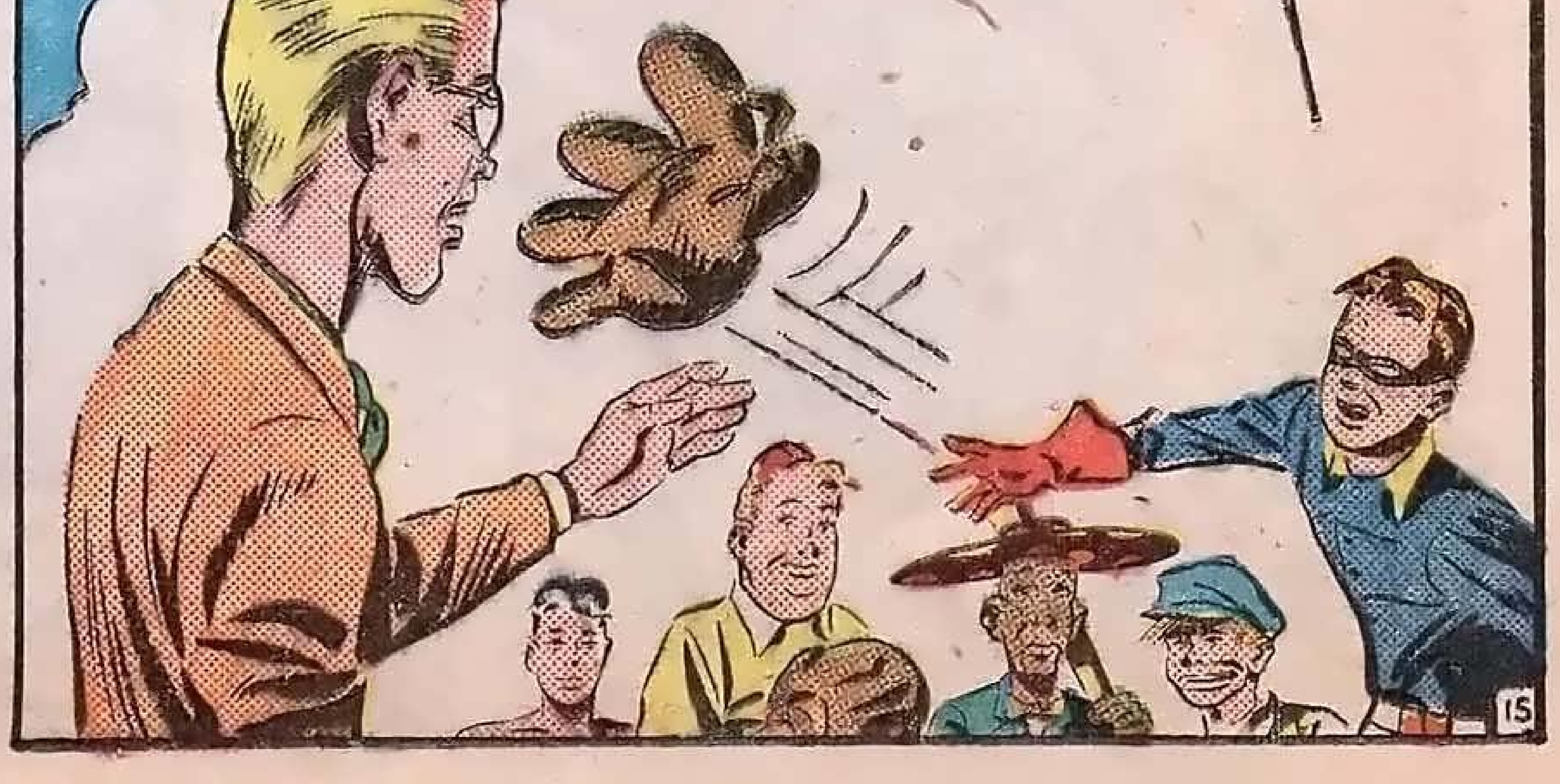

SUDDENLY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
THE FLAMING ONE!


LOOK! TORO'S THROWING A FIREBALL AT ALL THAT STACKED UP DYNAMITE!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!


BOOM!

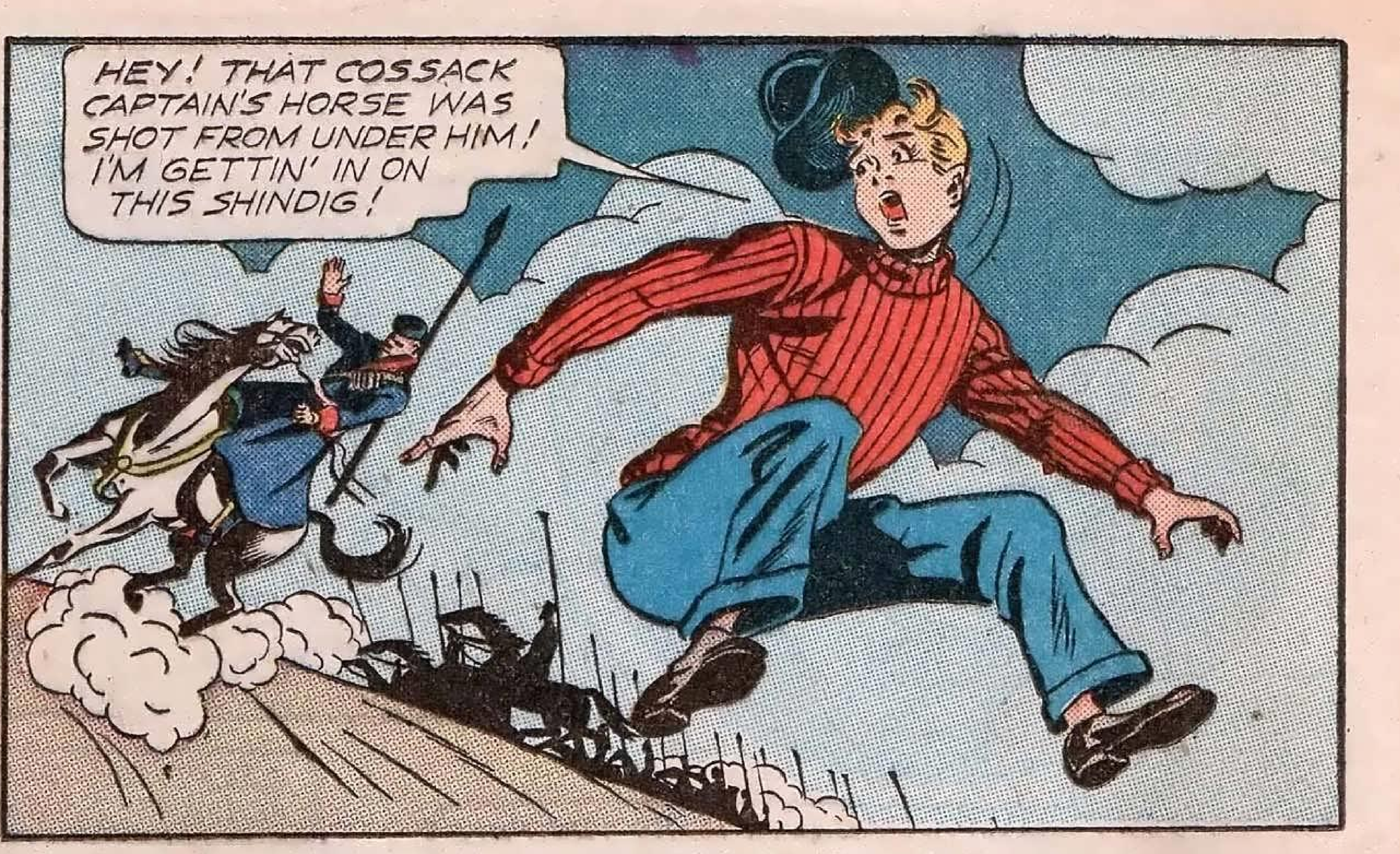

MINUTES LATER, THE YOUNG ALLIES EXPLAIN TO THE AMERICAN COMMANDER---
SIR, WE'D SUGGEST THAT YOU INSPECT EVERY MAN ON THIS ISLAND IMMEDIATELY TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE ALL AMERICANS!
WE OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT, BOYS---AND WE'LL DO EXACTLY AS YOU SUGGEST!

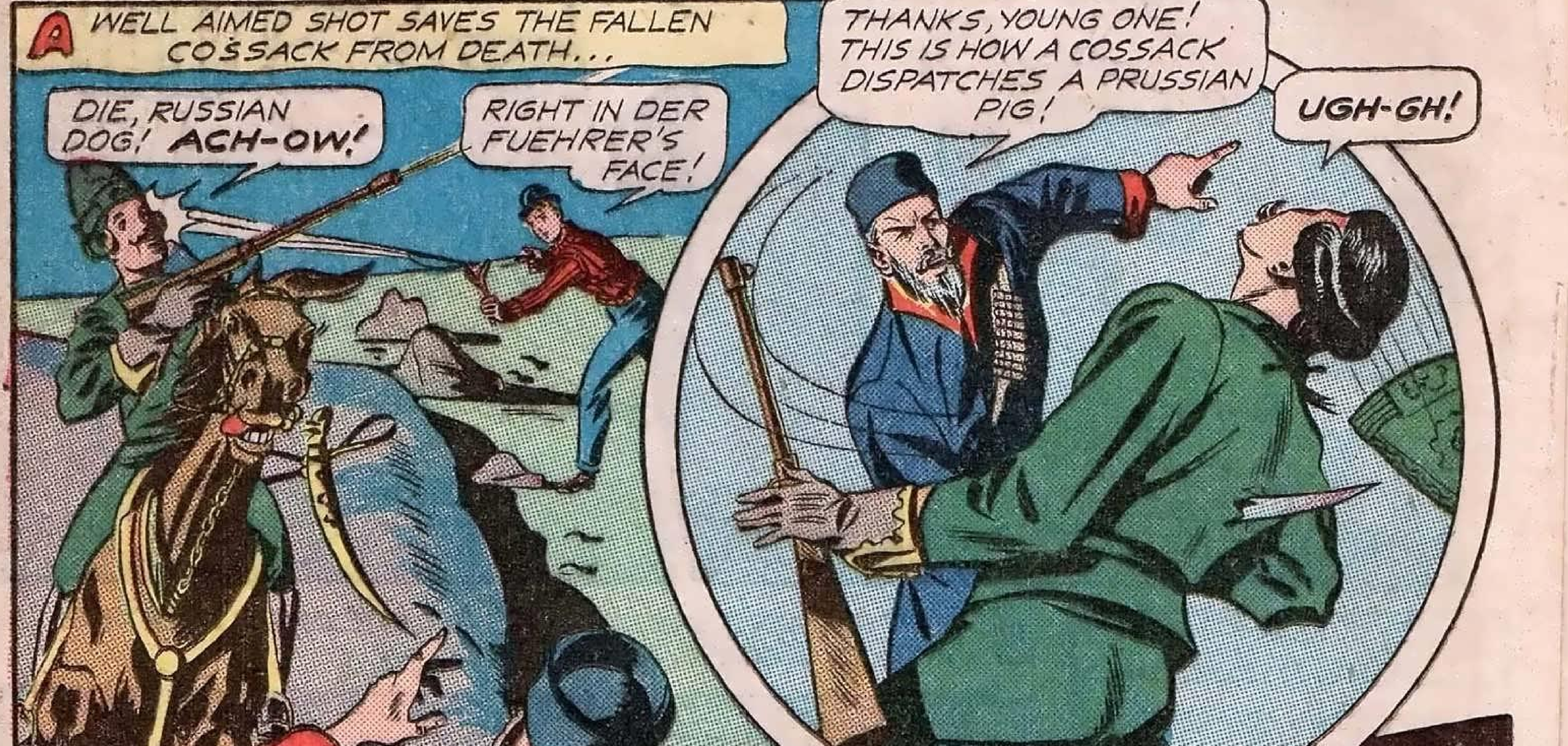

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS---
SAY, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU FELLOWS ABOUT A PALEONTOLOGY BOOK I ONCE READ---
OH, NO, YOU WON'T!
THE END

TOMMY TYME
AND HIS WONDERFUL
CLOCK of the AGES
IN THE
BATTALION of DEATH!
A MODERN YOUTH THROUGH HIS WONDERFUL "CLOCK OF THE AGES" TURNS BACK TIME SOME TWO HUNDRED YEARS, TO RIDE WITH SOLTYKOV, HEROIC RUSSIAN LEADER AND HIS COURAGEOUS COSSACK ARMY TO STRIKE A BLOW AGAINST PRUSSIAN MILITARISM!
SPRING — IN A SCHOOL ROOM, AND A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO FISHING, WHILE TEACHER'S WATCHFUL EYE GLARES...
WHAT NATIONS UNITED AGAINST GERMANY TO HALT HER ATTEMPT AT AGGRESSION IN A EUROPEAN WAR, PRIOR TO WORLD WAR ONE?
THOMAS TYME? SUPPOSE YOU TELL US!

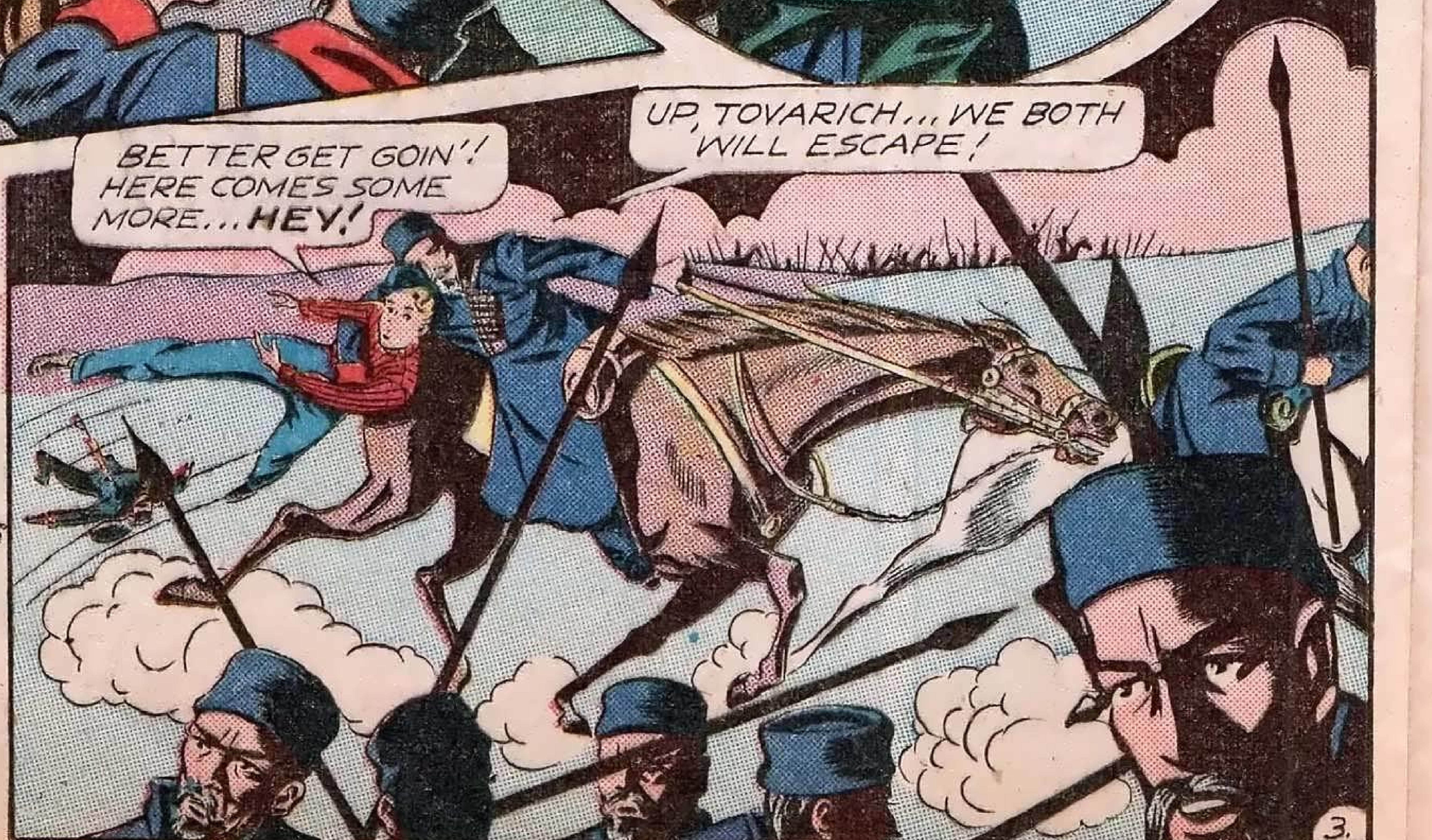
EH-UH-HUH! IT WAS... LEMME SEE... IT WAS...?
VERY WELL, THOMAS! I SHALL TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE ANSWER!
IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY! UNDER THE HEADING, "THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR 1756-1763!" TELL US ALL ABOUT IT TOMORROW!
LATER AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY...
GEE! (GROAN) DO I HAFTA WADE THRU ALL THESE TO FIND THE ANSWER?
JEEPERS! THIS'LL TAKE ALL NIGHT! (GROAN)
THEN INSPIRATION DAWNS...
MY CLOCK! CRIPES, AM I DUMB? ALL I HAFTA DO IS TURN THE DIALS AND I GETS ME THE ANSWER WITHOUT GOIN' THRU THAT WHOLE STACK!
1760
EAGER FINGERS HASTILY MANIPULATE DIALS, AND TIME FADES BACK INTO THE PAST...
...AND TOMMY FINDS HIMSELF ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF KUNDERSDORF, GERMANY, IN THE YEAR 1760...
YEOW! SOUNDS LIKE A BATTLE! I'M GETTIN' ME A LOOK-SEE!

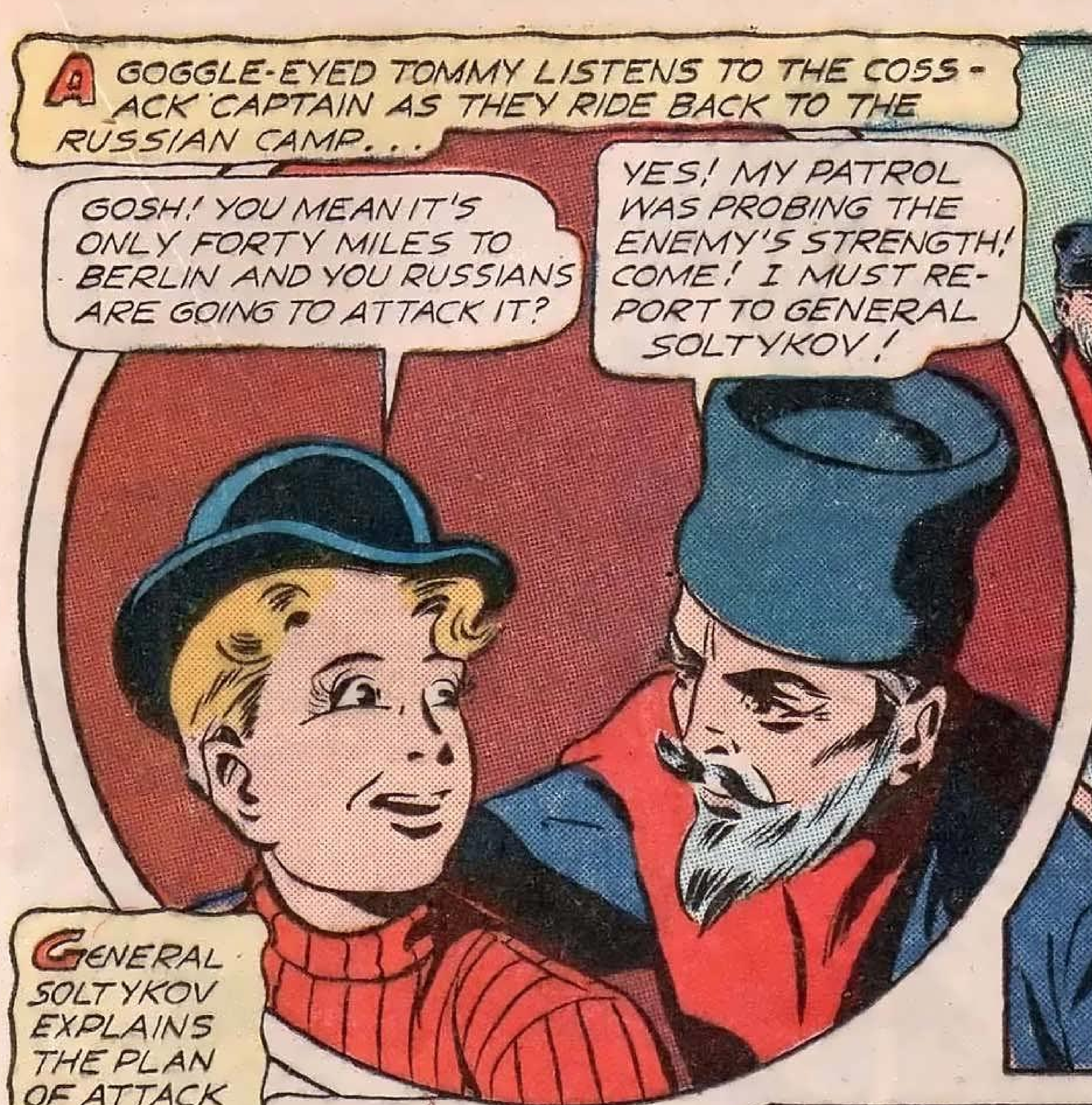
TOMMY BARELY LEAPS ASIDE IN TIME TO PREVENT HIS BEING RIDDEN DOWN BY A PATROL OF COSSACKS PURSUED BY AN OVERWHELMING BODY OF PRUSSIAN DRAGOONS...

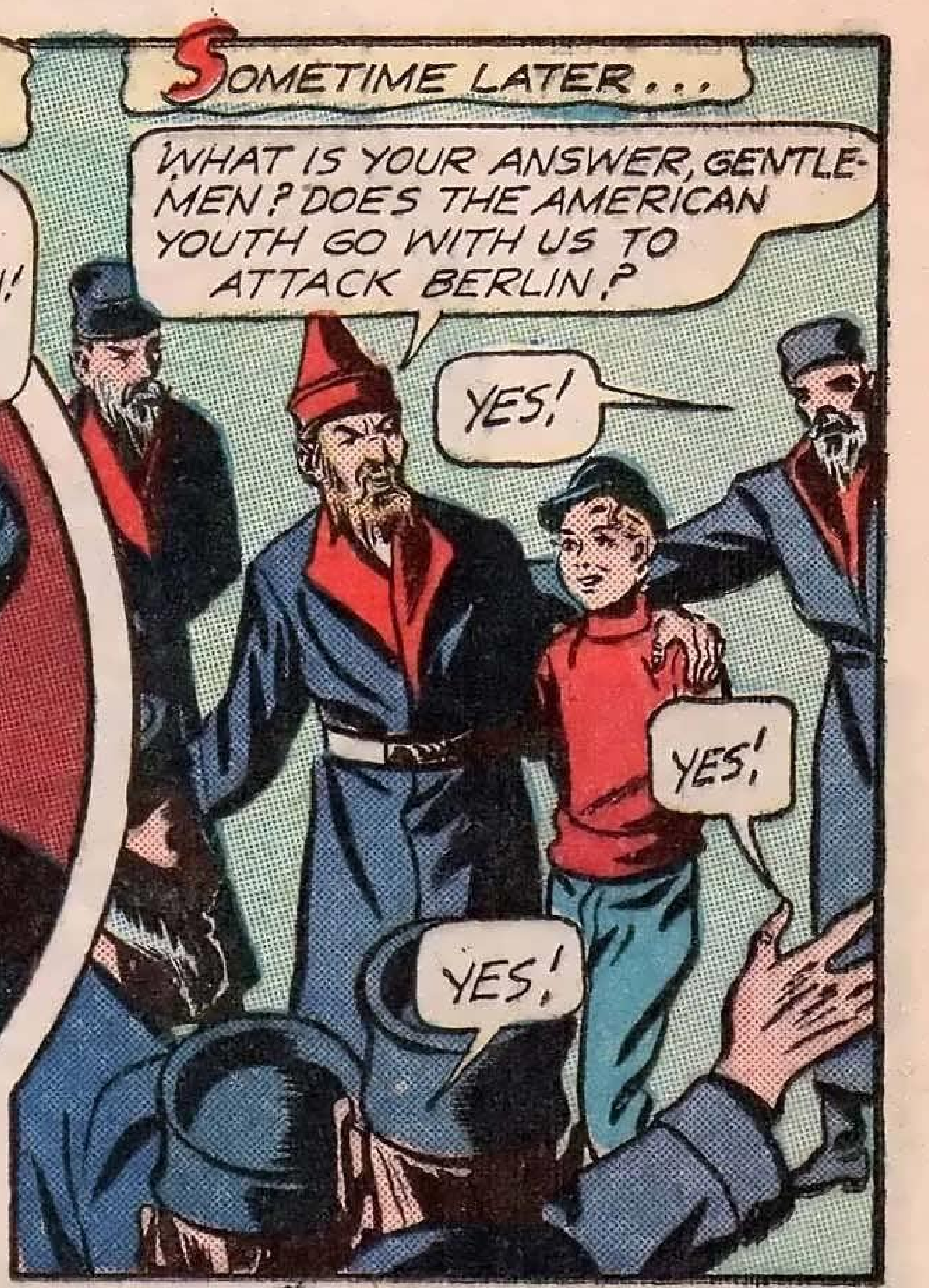

HEY! THAT COSSACK CAPTAIN'S HORSE WAS SHOT FROM UNDER HIM! I'M GETTIN' IN ON THIS SHINDIG!

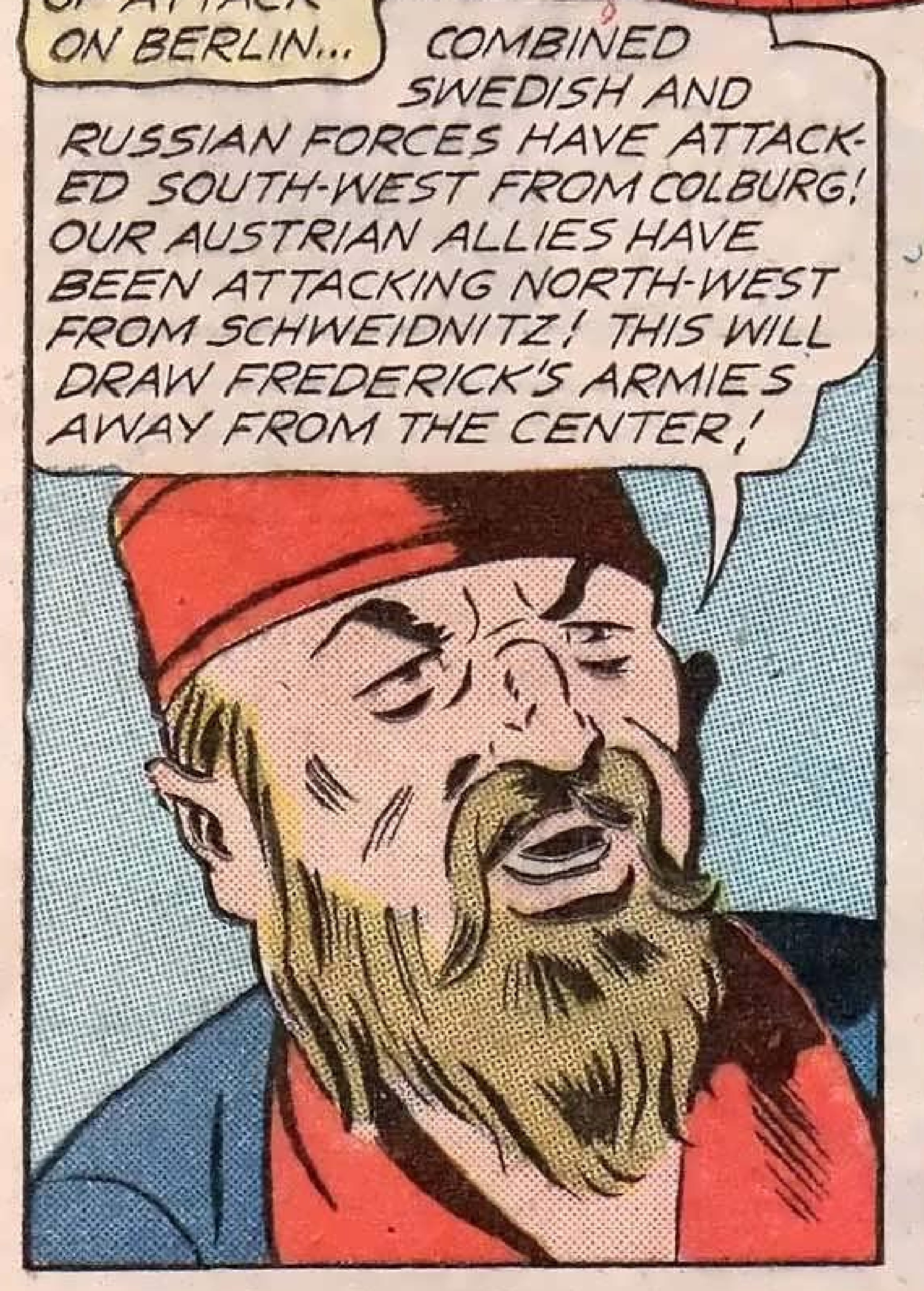

A WELL AIMED SHOT SAVES THE FALLEN COSSACK FROM DEATH...
DIE, RUSSIAN DOG! ACH-OW!
RIGHT IN DER FUEHRER'S FACE!
THANKS, YOUNG ONE! THIS IS HOW A COSSACK DISPATCHES A PRUSSIAN PIG!
UGH-GH!

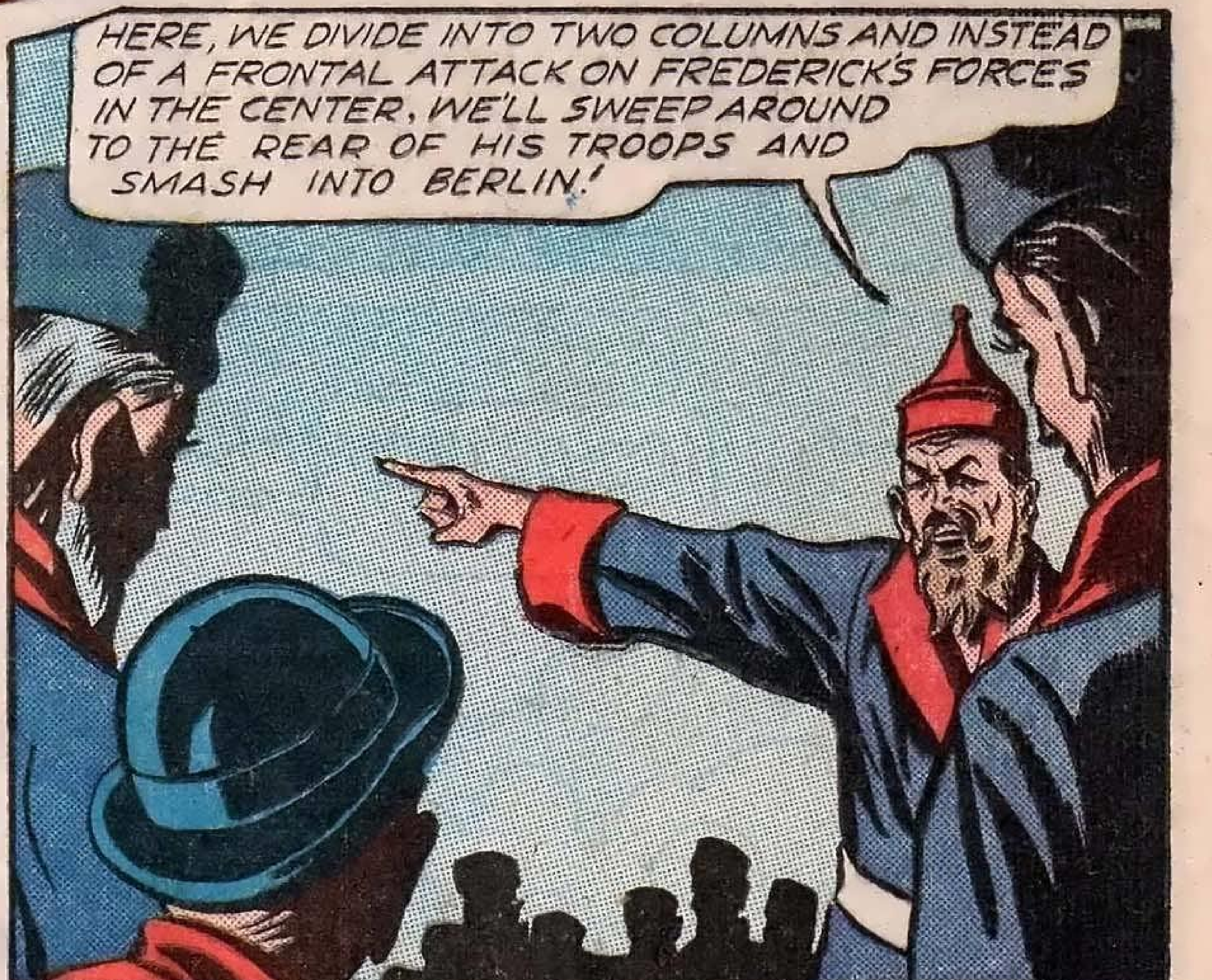
THE COSSACK QUICKLY VAULTS INTO THE SADDLE OF HIS DEAD OPPONENT'S HORSE AND SWEEPS TOMMY OFF THE GROUND...


UP, TOVARICH... WE BOTH WILL ESCAPE!
BETTER GET GOIN'! HERE COMES SOME MORE... HEY!

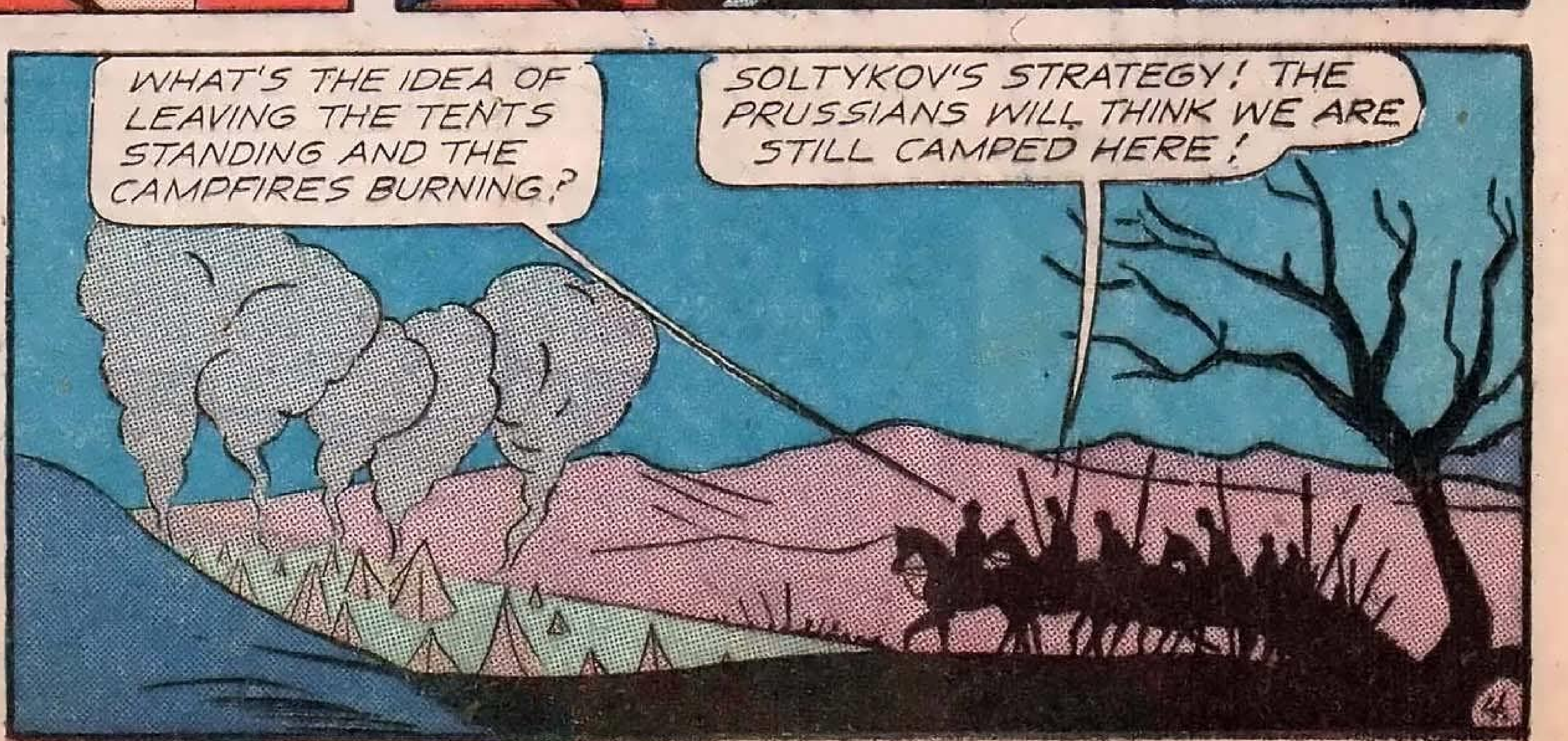

A GOGGLE-EYED TOMMY LISTENS TO THE COSSACK CAPTAIN AS THEY RIDE BACK TO THE RUSSIAN CAMP...
GOSH! YOU MEAN IT'S ONLY FORTY MILES TO BERLIN AND YOU RUSSIANS ARE GOING TO ATTACK IT?
YES! MY PATROL WAS PROBING THE ENEMY'S STRENGTH! COME! I MUST REPORT TO GENERAL SOLTYKOV!


SOMETIME LATER...
WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER, GENTLEMEN? DOES THE AMERICAN YOUTH GO WITH US TO ATTACK BERLIN?
YES!
YES!
YES!


GENERAL SOLTYKOV EXPLAINS THE PLAN OF ATTACK ON BERLIN...
COMBINED SWEDISH AND RUSSIAN FORCES HAVE ATTACKED SOUTH-WEST FROM COLBURG! OUR AUSTRIAN ALLIES HAVE BEEN ATTACKING NORTH-WEST FROM SCHWEIDNITZ! THIS WILL DRAW FREDERICK'S ARMIES AWAY FROM THE CENTER!


HERE, WE DIVIDE INTO TWO COLUMNS AND INSTEAD OF A FRONTAL ATTACK ON FREDERICK'S FORCES IN THE CENTER, WE'LL SWEEP AROUND TO THE REAR OF HIS TROOPS AND SMASH INTO BERLIN!

THAT NIGHT, UNDER A MOONLESS SKY, TWO RUSSIAN COLUMNS SILENTLY MOVE IN TWO GREAT ARCS OUT OF CAMP AND AROUND THE FLANKS OF THE ENEMY MASSED OPPOSITE THEM...


WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LEAVING THE TENTS STANDING AND THE CAMPFIRES BURNING?
SOLTYKOV'S STRATEGY! THE PRUSSIANS WILL THINK WE ARE STILL CAMPED HERE!

DAWN OF THE NEXT DAY, AT THE JUNCTION OF TWO MAIN ROADS IN THE JUNGFERNHEIDE WOODS, FIVE MILES DUE EAST OF BERLIN. A PRUSSIAN SENTRY BLINKS HIS EYES IN STUPEFACTION...
THE COSSACKS ARE COMING!
CAUGHT COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, THE PRUSSIAN GARRISON IS CRUSHED BY THE WILD RIDING CHARGE OF THE COSSACK ARMY...
YIPEEE! YAHOOO! YOU FRITZIES ARE GETTING A PREVIEW OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN 1945!
TWO HOURS LATER, AN AMERICAN YOUTH IS WAFTED BACK FROM THE HISTORIC PLANTING OF THE RUSSIAN FLAG ON THE PALACE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, IN BERLIN...
(GULP!) OOPS! THERE GOES MY CLOCK!
R-R-R-RING!
THE NEXT MORNING...
WELL... THOMAS? DID YOU DO YOUR HOMEWORK?
YES, TEACHER! FRANCE, RUSSIA, SWEDEN, AND AUSTRIA UNITED AGAINST GERMANY! AND THE COSSACK GENERAL, SOLTYKOV CAPTURED BERLIN ON OCTOBER 9, 1760!
The End

"PAID TO BE KILLED"

IT WAS the cops alright, Jeff Manners realized as he raced down the alley. Those first shots had been enough to convince him he had to get away fast.

The alley terminated at a high board fence. Behind him Jeff heard again the sharp bark of shots, the whine of lead past his shoulder. Frantically he threw his weight against the gate and burst into the courtyard beyond. He whirled to the left, racing forward, hand upon the fence. There must be another gate.

He found it, slid out into a second alley and broke into a run. Reaching the street he peered out and down the block, saw the police car standing at the curb, doors open. There were no cops in sight.

Running again, Jeff sprinted for the corner, turned down the next block. A cruising cab picked him up and he was whirled away.

Later, locked in the temporary safety of his new rooms, Jeff Manners tried to piece together the strange puzzle. There was, he told himself grimly, something wrong about the whole setup. His being picked up from the street, completely busted and discouraged, and handed a wad of dough to impersonate a man he'd never seen. And evidently would never see the way things were going. Jeff didn't even know the guy's name.

Jeff had talked to Slick and Al. The former's convincing talk and manner cinched the deal, in spite of Jeff's warriness. The chance to get the money, to wear decent clothes and eat good food once more was too much for him to refuse. The services he would have to give in return for the money had seemed few and simple.

"There are three joints you've got to show up in," Slick had explained. Evidently he'd been spokesman for himself and for Al. "On the tenth, sixteenth and twenty-first of the month, and on the first of next month you go to this address. You'll meet a guy there who will explain the rest of the job to you. The fifth of next month . . . you'll be free and clear. Sound okay?"

* * * * *

JEFF had consented. "I'll take it." He had thought a moment then said, "Whatever money I save over is mine. Right?"

"Right," Slick had agreed. "Maybe you've got something special you want to do after the job's done—"

"Maybe," Jeff had conceded.

So Jeff had stepped out of rags into comparative riches. It was a unique feeling, one he'd never experienced before, or at least hadn't appreciated. . . Oh, he'd had good jobs once upon a time and money. And clothes and hadn't known what it was to go hungry. But the war had come along. Jeff had seen service, and things had been changed when he got back. Now he knew something was wrong. But what?

The following morning he found the startling answer in the paper, and a grim, hard smile touched his lips.

"PUG CARNEY ESCAPES POLICE NET..."

Reading slowly Jeff saw what had happened. Slick had hired Jeff to impersonate Pug Carney, and last night the cops had tried to kill Jeff, believing him to be the famous criminal. Quite obviously Slick wanted the cops to think they had killed the real Pug Carney, thus diverting attention from the criminal. There must be a close resemblance between the two men, and before identification could completely establish the identity of the dead man, Pug Carney would be out of the city and well on his way to a safer hiding place.

* * * * *

IT WAS evening when Jeff left his apartment. It was the night of the 16th also and now he made his way to a night club where he was scheduled to appear.

Slick was too smart to leave anything to chance. It was Jeff's hope Slick would be there also, to check. And Jeff's hopes were confirmed, for he spotted Slick. And shortly before closing time, evidently failing to discover Jeff anywhere in the crowd, Slick started out again. What he didn't see was Jeff following.

Using every device known to him, Jeff Manners followed across town. It was now or [illegible]. never.

It wasn't too difficult trailing Slick to his hangout. Jeff manoeuvered himself to a window beyond which Slick and Al were talking.

What Jeff heard only confirmed what he had decided already must be the true facts. Pug Carney was a big shot in the underworld, and wanted badly by the police. There'd been a shake-up down at headquarters because Pug hadn't been captured, and a reward placed on his head. Jeff Manners looked so nearly like Pug as to satisfy the cops when they caught up with him, and it wouldn't make much difference whether he was dead or alive. Preferably the latter. Pug Carney's reputation warranted that.

Where Pug himself was concerned, Slick was taking no chances. "Old Mike closes the beer joint early now," Slick cautioned Al. "You better hot-foot it over there pronto, and be sure everything is okay. If we slip up our lives won't be worth two-bits. Take a walk over now, then come back here."

Swiftly Jeff Manners reached the street. Again he took up the trail, following Al as he moved out and along the street. Eventually Al reached the beer joint where Pug Carney had his hide-out.

Later, as Jeff saw Al depart, evidently satisfied that Pug was still safe, Jeff set out to complete his liberation from death. It would take nerve, but it had to be done.

* * * * *

HALF an hour later Jeff Manners knew the cops were again trailing him. He'd picked them up down-town and now led the way to Pug Carney's hide-out. Jeff knew he must succeed. Because this time the police would make sure they got their man.

That part of the building over the tavern looked deserted and forlorn as Jeff ducked into the alley. The smell of the river was close by, the sound of tugs. Jeff felt his muscles tense. For a second he touched the automatic under his arm. He'd already seen a lot of service with one. . . .

Pug Carney was in the rooms above the tavern. And the cops were outside in the street, forming a cordon about the place. Briefly Jeff looked back and as he did so, he saw the burly figure of a man enter the alley.

Jeff whirled and ducked around a corner. A window shone before him and lifting a heel he smashed the glass. Again he spun. A rickety fence barred his way and he scrambled over to the opposite side, found himself on an abandoned pier littered with old cases and crates. Stumbling ahead Jeff came to the edge of the pier. A half sunken barge lay below. Jeff dropped.

* * * * *

PEERING out from behind the shack perched on the end of the scow, Jeff saw a flashlight probe the dark—

A shot rang out inside the tavern. The light was gone. A police whistle shrilled. Again the sound of a shot.

Swiftly Jeff scrambled out, made his way back to the street. Again there were shots. Evidently Pug Carney was shooting it out. The tinkle of glass sounded. After that came abrupt silence. A few idlers ebbed out of the dark. Another police car arrived.

Jeff mingled carefully with the little crowd gathering. It had been a daring attempt on his part, one that might easily have cost his life. He was there when they brought a stretcher out, with a blanket over it. He heard someone whisper that it was Pug Carney underneath, that Pug was quite dead.

Once more Jeff Manners slipped through the night. It was early morning when he reached the old hotel, saw the light under the shade of the room Slick and Al occupied.

Only this time Jeff got in through the side entrance and up the stairs. The service gun in his hand was cold and reassuring as he stood outside the door and listened. The low buzz of voices sounded.

* * * * *

THE door opened under Jeff Manners' hand. He stepped across the threshold to meet the surprised faces of Slick and Al.

"Try for your smoke-rods if you want," Jeff invited softly. "It won't do any good. Pug Carney got his. It's you two—"

Slick said thickly, "You're crazy. Pug Carney—"

Al tried for his gun. Jeff fired swiftly, watched as Al slid against the table, to the floor. Slick shoved his hands urgently toward the ceiling. "Okay, okay," he whined. "You got me."

"You can say that again," Jeff admitted. "This deal didn't sell. Trying to frame me, trying to get me to impersonate Pug Carney and get bumped off so he could disappear. Nice plan only it didn't work. If the cops had killed me last night, you'd be okay now. But they missed. Good thing for me.

"Pug is gone. Ditto Al. And the cops will be glad to see the third member of the gang. Get your duds on, Slick. I'll take you down to headquarters and do the honors. And find out if they could use an ambitious rookie!"

THE END

The YOUNG ALLIES
IN THE
MASSACRE OF THE MANNEQUINS
CRIME GOES WILD IN A BIG CITY DEPARTMENT STORE AS COLD-BLOODED KILLERS SET THEIR RUTHLESS RACKET IN MOTION! ALL THE *YOUNG ALLIES* WANT IS A NEW SUIT FOR WHITEWASH-- BUT WHAT THEY GET IS A TOOTH-AND-NAIL FIGHT FOR THEIR VERY LIVES WHEY RUN UP AGAINST ---
THE MASTER OF THE MUMMIES!

ONE DAY AS THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE WINDOW SHOPPING---
MAN! LOOKIT DAT SUIT --- IT SHO' AM **ZOOT**!
YOUR TASTE, WHITEWASH, PAINS ME EXCESSIVELY! YOU SHOULD WEAR MORE CONSERVATIVE CLOTHES!
YOUSE SOITENLY COULD STAND A NEW OUTFIT!
THAT'S AN IDEA! LET'S BUY HIM ONE!
BUT, BUCKY--- AH DON'T NEED--
NOW, NOW, WHITEWASH! DON'T GO STUBBORN ON US!
JIMBELS D S E
THE MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT---
ALL RIGHT, WHITEWASH--- WE'LL TRY THIS SUIT ON YOU FIRST---
WHAT DO YOU MEAN --- **WE**?
MAKE IT SNAPPY, GANG! THE STORE CLOSES IN 15 MINUTES!
DRESSING ROOM

LEAVE 'EM HERE, JOE --- IT'S ALMOST QUITTIN' TIME!
OKAY!
STEP ON IT, WHITEWASH-- AND HURRY!
!
ONE THING AH GOTTA SAY FOR IT--- IT SHO' IS A ROOMY SUIT!
PERHAPS--- IT **IS** A TRIFLE--- AH--LARGE!
YOUSE GUYS IS WHACKY! IT FITS **POIFECT!**
SEE?
UH! HUH? BUT AH'D SWEAR IT DIDN'T FIT SO GOOD BEFO'!
LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE THEY HAVE!
HOT DAWG! THERE'S A SUIT THAT MATCHES MY PUH-SONALITY!
AH-CHOO!
WHAT CLASS! IT SHO' IS---
GEZUNDHEIT!
GULP! WHAT WAS THAT?
3

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, WHITEWASH? WE WANT YOU TO TRY ON THIS SUIT!
L-LISTEN; F-FELLAS! A-AH J-JUST S-SEEN A--- (RATTLE, RATTLE, CLICK--!-)
B-B-BUT AH T-T-TELL Y-YOU---
WHAT'S EATIN' YA? YA LOOK LIKE YOU JUST SEEN A GHOST!
DID SOME-ONE SAY EAT?
THET'S JUS' WHAT AH DONE SEEN! ONE O' DEM DERE DUMMIES UP AN' SNEEZED!
WHO YOU TRYING TO KID?
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, WHITEWASH!
AH HAIN'T LYIN'! THET DUMMY SNEEZED!
DON'T FEED US THAT!
WAIT! LET'S INVESTIGATE! HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING!
ALL RIGHT, BRIGHT EYES---TELL US WHICH ONE AND I'LL POKE THIS BLADE CLEAR THRU HIM!
IT WAS THAT ONE OVER THERE!
BUT AS BUCKY APPROACHES THE DUMMY---
I'LL CLEAR UP THIS--- HMMM--- AW, WHY AM I LETTING YOU MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME, ANYWAY---? A DUMMY SNEEZING! GET THAT SUIT OFF, WHITEWASH, AND LET'S GO HOME!
B-B-BUT---

BUT BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM....
GET THIS, KIDS! WHITEWASH WAS RIGHT! THAT DUMMY IS ALIVE!
WHAT? YOU TOO!
YOU FEELING OKAY, BUCKY!
HE IS ALIVE AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING HERE! WE'LL LAY LOW IN THIS ROOM 'TIL THE STORE CLOSES...THEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
HE'S SERIOUS! ALL RIGHT, BUCKY, I'M WILLING!
ME TOO, WHAT CAN WE LOSE?
5 MINUTES LATER, THE STORE CLOSES....
ALL RIGHT, MEN... HOP TO IT!
CUT ME DOWN AN' CALL ME SHORTY, LOOKA' DAT!
WHITEWASH... PLEASE ACCEPT MY HUMBLEST APOLOGIES!
CLEAN OUT THE CASH REGISTERS AND STRIP THE RACKS!
THIS IS WHAT I CALL A NIFTY RACKET, BOSS!
AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WE CAN PULL THE SAME STUNT IN EVERY DEPARTMENT STORE IN TOWN!
AIN'T IT DE TRUTH?
AT THAT MOMENT, THE YOUNG ALLIES LEAP INTO ACTION!
WE'VE FOUND OUT ALL WE WANT TO KNOW, FELLERS! YAHOO!
WHAT TH..? IT'S THE YOUNG ALLIES!

WE BETTER SCRAM! BUT FIRST-----
OW!
DUCK, BUCKY!
AND THE CHASE IS ON!
HEAD FOR THE ROOF! WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF THERE!
BUCKY! THE ESCALATOR CONTROLS!
I GET IT! C'MON, TUBBY!
ESCALATOR CONTROL
THIS'LL DO IT!
SPEED
UP
REVERSE
HEY! WHAT GIVES HERE?
I'M SLIPPING!
I'LL SPEED THINGS UP A BIT!
SPEED
UP
NOW! LET'S GET THEM!
YAHOO!
BUT THE THUGS QUICKLY SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AND RUSH AWAY IN HEADLONG FLIGHT!
OH-OH! CAN'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP 'EM IS TO CORNER THEM IN ONE SECTION!
SPORTING GOODS DE

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS! OUR MULE-BRAINED FRIENDS ARE PERAMBULATING TO THE SPORTS DEPARTMENT!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE EXIT!
EXIT
I'LL STOP THEM!
WHIRLING LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, TORO SEARS THE EXIT WITH AN IMPREGNABLE WALL OF FLAME!
THAT FIRE-BOY SURE COOKED OUR GOOSE! WHADDA WE DO NOW?
FIGHT! GRAB THOSE BASEBALL BATS AND GET THEM!
EXIT
BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE A TRICK UP THEIR SLEEVES ALSO!
GRAB THOSE GOLF CLUBS! WE'LL SHOW THEM!
FORE!
YIPPEE! NICE GOIN' GUYS!
OOO! THESE KIDS ARE TOO MUCH FOR US! LET'S SCRAM OUTTA HERE!
NOT BEFORE I GET A SHOT AT THOSE GUYS!
MAN, AH ALWAYS WANTED TO SHOOT ONE OF THESE AN' NOW'S MY CHANCE!
YIPE!
OKAY, GUYS--- GRAB THIS TENNIS NET AND LET'S REALLY TANGLE THOSE GUYS UP!
C'MON, GUYS! I'LL HERD THEM TOGETHER!

COME AND GET 'EM, GUYS!
STOP! WE GIVE UP!
OH, WHY DIDN'T I LEAD AN HONEST LIFE?
AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF SHARP SCUFFLE, THE CROOKS ARE **SUBDUED!**
HA! HA! AS NICE A COLLECTION OF TRAPPED RATS AS I EVER SAW!
CALL THE COPS, TUBBY! THESE MONKEYS ARE DYING TO BE CAGED!
AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE--
WHAT BEATS ME, BUCKY, IS HOW YA KNEW THAT DUMMY WAS ALIVE, YA DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH HIM!
SIMPLE DEDUCTION, KNUCKLES! THE MIRROR HE FACED WAS CLOUDED FROM THE MOISTURE OF HIS BREATH AND **DUMMIES** DON'T **BREATHE!**
LOOKA ME, INSTEAD O' BUYIN' ME A PURTY ZUIT SUIT, YA RUINT DE ONEY SUIT AH POSSESSES! HOW'M AH GONNA GET HOME LOOKIN' LAK DIS?
MOST UNFORTUNATE, WHITEWASH! BUT I HAVE A SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM!
AS THE SUN SETTLES SLOWLY IN THE WEST---
HAW! HAW! HA! HA!
TAIN'T FUNNY, MAH FREN'S! AH FAILS TO SEE THE JOKE!
THE END

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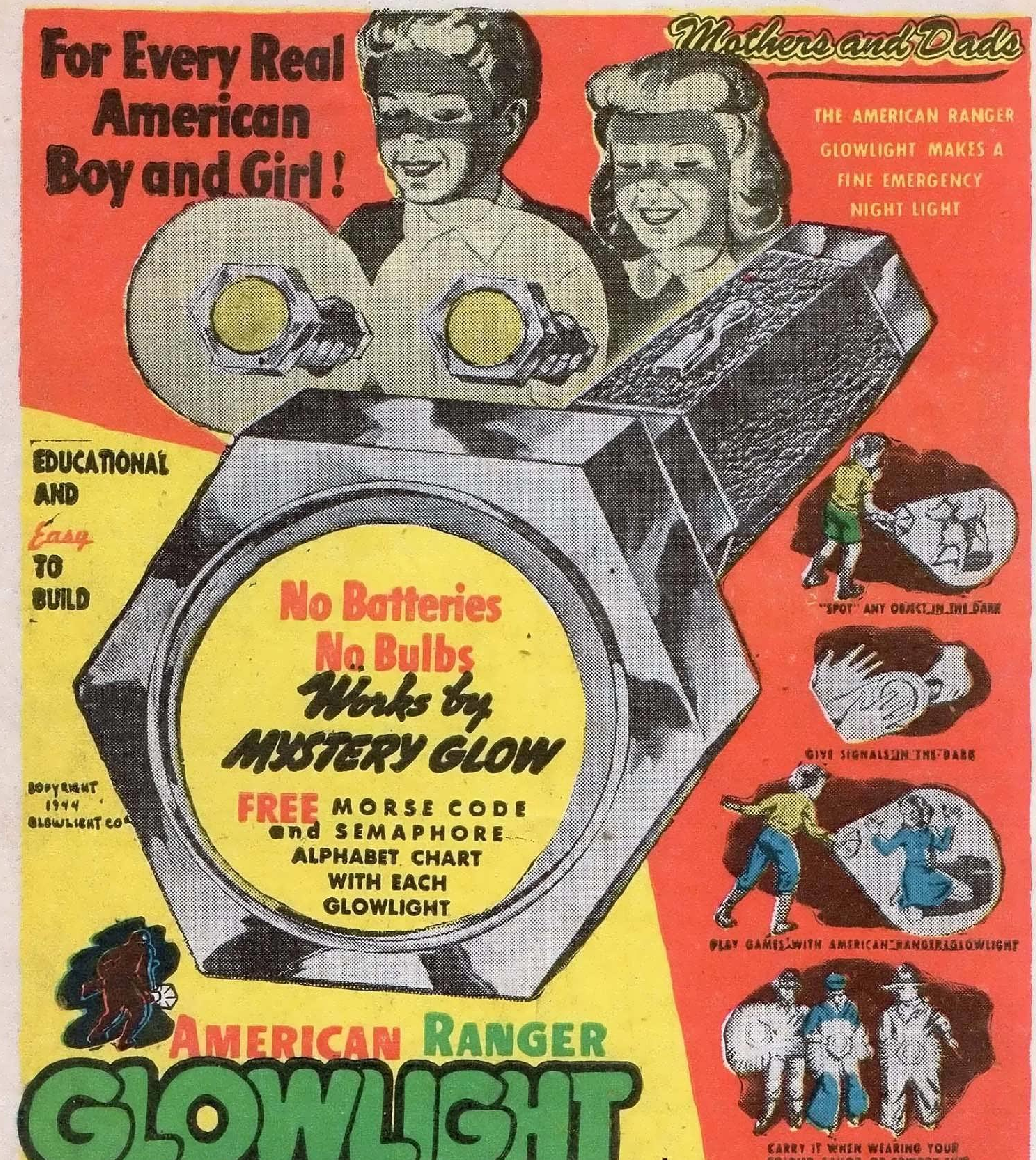
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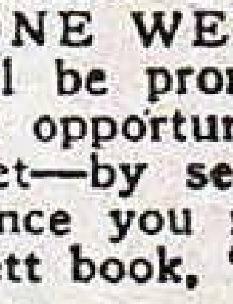

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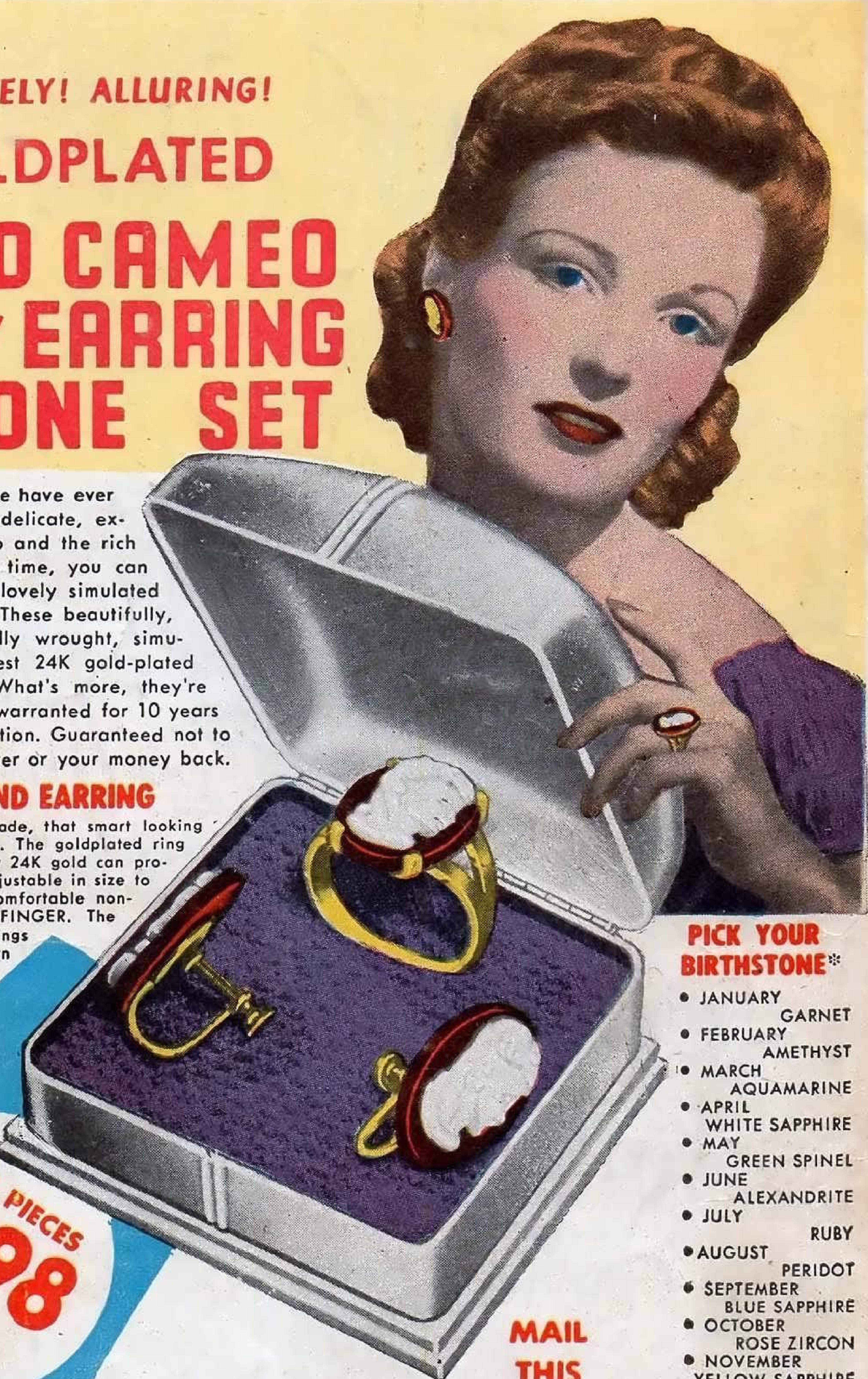

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